

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability : to every one according to his needs.*

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## LONDON SOCIETY.

BY EMILY HOPE WESTFIELD.

SOCIETY is a difficult word to define. The feat has often been attempted, but rarely has the proposed definition, however lucid and comprehensive, been found acceptable to all parties.

Naturally, to those on the outside of the wall, it presents an appearance entirely different from what it does to those within the sanctuary. A London beau described society with satisfaction to himself as "the people we know," and though many quarreled with this epigram, there was no one brave enough to define it as "the people we don't know."

The elements that combine to make up the society of London to-day are so various that the wit-

tiest might rack his brain in vain to comprehend them in a polished aphorism. In Walpole's day society, both in London and in Paris, consisted of three or four hundred

people at the most, and was extraordinary for its brilliance. The excluded contemplated its splendor from a respectful distance, his vulgar breast untroubled by aspirations to break the in-

vidious barriers that kept him on the outside. Indeed, any such ambition on his part would have been regarded as outrageous. There was no entrance to the circle of society. You had to be born within it. And it might almost be said that there was no exit either, for one who was a member of the charmed

circle could do almost anything that he pleased without in any way affecting his social standing. With the increased power of money, each



THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORELAND.

generation has seen the rigor of the exclusiveness relaxed.

Mere riches, however, are by no means a certain passport to London society. Nor



*Photograph by Lafayette.*

LADY NORREYS.

is this true of the New York smart set, although it is commonly supposed to be the case. Both New York and London are full of wealthy people who from a social point of view may be accounted nonentities. They have never transgressed society's laws; they are probably influential in the commercial and industrial activity of the city: and yet society never even hears their names, until a black line in the papers chronicles their deaths. Explore the West Side of New York or walk through the far West End of London and you will pass beautiful residences, the mere possession of which implies considerable wealth, and you will meet with elaborate turn-outs conveying gorgeously arrayed matrons to afternoon teas. Who are these people? you will ask, and there will be no one to enlighten you. Society knows as little of them as it does of the inhabitants of Mars. A social life as exclusive in its way as that of any other set they may have, but it is not "society."

Even a passing comment on British society would be incomplete unless it included a reference to the influence of royalty on its manners and usages. The royal

person no longer rules by strength of arm or mastery of will; and for this very reason, perhaps, men are quick to yield homage to the empty outward signs and observances which to-day constitute royalty. Royalty is still a thing apart from the common world; its ancient superiority and power are vanished, but the tradition of that power and superiority is still potent to command certain privileges and distinctions. Even those who may be said to hobnob with the royal family confess to a feeling of constraint and wonder in the presence of royalty which might be supposed to be peculiar to the vulgar.

Though there are many pleasures of life that can come only with the pomp and circumstance of royalty, there are also many inconveniences that follow in its train. No

matter how far in advance a hostess may have planned a dinner and what elaborate preparations she may have made for its success, a summons from Marlborough House may call away all the guests of consequence and turn it, through no fault of her own, into a dismal failure. Such invitations go in the name of the proper official of the royal household and it is he who is commanded



LADY DARNLEY, MOTHER OF THE YOUNGEST PEERESS IN ENGLAND.

by his Royal Highness to invite the guest to dinner. Their Royal Highnesses also retain the privilege of inviting themselves to any private function it pleases them to attend, and in the event of such an occurrence it is customary to submit the list of guests for the royal person's approval. These summons, as they are called, often occasion some comment on the want of consideration shown by royalty for the feelings of others. One of the most amiable of the present reigning family once remarked, "If you only knew how we had been brought up, you would wonder we behave as well as we do," and this indeed is a just view of the other side of the question. After all, the observance of the conventionalities demanded by royalty is not compulsory. It is a tribute gladly yielded to tradition.

So long as your Englishman is merely asked to yield these ancient privileges and to grant empty social distinctions



LADY KATHLEEN COLE.



LADY WARWICK, WHO RUNS A SHOP IN BOND STREET.

to royalty, all goes well. By this homage his sense of the fitness of things is satisfied; the blood of ancestors who knelt to the divine right of kings still flows in his veins. Use and wont are powerful factors in this world. But once let royalty try to exact from him a single privilege, be it the most inconsiderable, and he is up in arms. Infringe by a hairbreadth on his constitutional rights, offend his sense of justice by one jot, and his passion for independence is aroused, his exaggerated egotism becomes blatant. He learns that the Queen Dowager, wishing to build a coachway that shall shorten her daily drive to the avenue, is pressing a claim to move her park paling a matter of a rod into his own private property. This is obviously a gross violation of his rights and to prove his independence he makes haste to turn his frail paling into a great wall of solid masonry. He quotes the law



LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.

and then he takes his stand. Queen or no Queen, he will defend his constitutional rights. All England is powerless to move him an inch.

There are frequent examples of graciousness on the part of royalty to people so unfortunate as to transgress this code of unwritten laws. The prettiest instance of this kind is the well-known story of Queen Victoria and Carlyle at Lady Stanley's tea-party at Westminster Abbey, when the eminent Scot sat in the royal presence. The company was shocked and gazed at him aghast, but the Queen, with rare tact and consideration, by a simple gesture motioned the entire company to be seated. No story better illustrates the lovable character of the late Queen.

But it must not be supposed from this that an intentional transgression of the un-

written laws of etiquette is tolerated. Instances of such acts are rare, but they are always tactfully but firmly reproofed. Once the family of a wealthy man on the outskirts of the King's set was observed driving in Hyde Park with horses wearing headbands an exact duplicate of those of the King's stables. Nothing was said about it, but the next day the horses of the royal carriage were seen to wear plain black bands and the hint was soon taken by the wealthy imitator.

On another occasion the King saw his tailor in the paddock at an important race and greeted him with the remark that it was an enjoyable occasion. The tailor, puffed up at the royal notice, remarked with a drawl, "Oh, yes, but one meets so many odd people at a place of this sort."

"To be sure," replied the King quietly; "we can't all be tailors."

Society is pretty much the same throughout the civilized world. It is a thing of circles within circles, and society in one country may differ from that in another according as it takes for its highest ideal and standard an aristocracy of title or of wealth; but in its essential make-up, aims, and methods of amusement, it is strikingly the same the world over. Of late, society in England has undergone the same changes



MISS GLADYS WILSON.





MISS SYBIL NAPIER.

which have been manifest in New York society for the past ten or fifteen years. Almost any American can remember the time when the old families that had lived in New York for many generations—mostly of Dutch descent—were looked to as the models of fashion and deportment and their doings chronicled in the papers. Recently these older families have almost entirely dropped from the public eye, and society, or "the smart set," as it is now called, is based more largely on wealth than on ancient lineage. In England this same struggle between the old and the new has been observed. The older families during the reign of Queen Victoria were entirely secure in their haughty position. They refused to recognize the actress-wife of a nobleman, no matter how high her title. Not only did they refrain from inviting her to their own houses, but they were not likely even to lay eyes on her except perhaps at church or driving in Hyde Park, where a glance through lorgnettes poised haughtily was the only recognition she obtained. The beginning of the change was marked by King Edward's accession to the throne. A man of democratic tendencies and of a genial, pleasure-loving disposition, he encouraged wit and brightness and admitted, at least partially, to smart functions which had the sanction of royalty some of the

newer lords and ladies against whom the only charge was that their families did not go back to William the Conqueror.

After all, the admission to society of one who bears, what some people consider the fearful taint of trade a couple of generations back, is not illogical; for a little mathematics will illustrate the absurdity of taking great pride in a single illustrious ancestor

sixteen or seventeen generations removed and at the same time omitting to mention the many characters of bad repute or no repute whatever who must necessarily occur in a list of ancestors which runs up into the thousands. And yet the widow who takes a grim satisfaction in the thought that an ancestor of hers received a favor from Charles I., and almost starves rather than permit her sons to soil their hands in trade, is not so rare. The army is always open to these young hopefuls.

Some years ago, society in England was

either not understood at all in this country or viewed as a holy of holies beyond whose outer portals it was impossible for an untitled person to enter. But this has largely been done away with by the marriages between beautiful and wealthy American girls and British nobles. Relations between members of society in the two cities are becoming yearly more close. Comic papers and cynical writers often comment upon



MRS. "JACK" WILSON.



MISS CARRINGTON, A WELL-KNOWN IRISH BEAUTY.

these marriages slightly, but for the most part they turn out very happily. In many cases they are, no doubt, love-matches; but where they are not matches of the heart, love of title and the power and position that it brings is often a counterfeit which is mistaken for the genuine article.

The Newport set, which may be said to constitute the inner circle of American society, has long modeled its manners and adopted its usages from the Marlborough

House set, the coterie led by Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales, and from a purely fashionable standpoint, the pinnacle of England's society life. Much might be found worthy of emulation in the life of this brilliant circle, but, perversely enough, American society has seen fit to imitate only its least desirable qualities. The Anglo-mania which manifests itself in aping harmless eccentricities of intonation, dress and manner is quite innocuous. If an American



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, AN ACCOMPLISHED HORSEWOMAN.

woman chooses to refer to her trunks as "boxes" and to dub her checks "brasses," it is surely a harmless amusement; and if our young men of wealth adopt a time-honored British custom and tool public coaches to and fro about the suburbs, they doubtless afford a number of people gratification while injuring no one. One merely wonders at the absence of a saving sense of the ridiculous. The importation of a freedom of speech which borders on the vulgar, is hardly so harmless. In the smart sets of

New York and Philadelphia topics which a few years ago were tacitly omitted from discussion in polite society, are commented on with a frankness shocking to the uninitiated. In the horsey sets, the breeding of horses and of dogs, and similar subjects formerly relegated to the stable-yard and the kennel, are enlarged upon without restraint. American smart society calls a spade a spade and defends its disdain of euphemism by citing the example of the Marlborough House set.

One difference between British and American society which is evident to every observer is the strong influence of society on government and politics in Great Britain and its almost total lack of such influence in America. In England the King, while practically stripped of constitutional dictatorship in even the smallest governmental matters, exercises a great influence through his position as the leader of society. The Cabinet minister who is so unfortunate as to displease him or set himself directly against his will may always be visited with social ostracism, and there are very few men in public life to-day to whom this would not be a serious matter. For social ostracism has a way of descending even to



LADY DARNLEY, WIDOW OF THE LATE EARL.



MRS. MARKHAM, OF THE HUNTING SET.

the third and fourth generation, and the man who is able to rise above such seemingly petty considerations when applied only to himself, can hardly be willing to see his wife and daughters, to whom society necessarily means more, suffer. In the United States, on the other hand, the Presidents have, as a rule, been men who either cared not at all for society or were entirely happy in their own circle of friends and disliked the display and worries entailed by what the daily press calls "social position."

The American lady of the smart set rather prides herself on her ignorance of political conditions and shows a complete indifference even at the time of a presidential election. In Great Britain society and politics are allied and topics connected with the government are discussed in many of the drawing-rooms in winter and on the terrace of the House of Commons in the spring.

The terrace is an open, stone-paved walk which runs along the side of the Parliament buildings, fronting on the Thames. High walls and the river hem it in, and it is entered only from the inner parts of the buildings. Here tea is served in the afternoons

and great ladies may pull wires for some favorite or the charming wife of a young politician with a future may ingratiate herself with an influential member.

An anecdote of Lady Tweedmouth illustrates the method of this sort of thing and its results. Her husband, before his succession to the Tweedmouth title and estates, was Liberal whip—that is, it was his duty to see that straggling members of Gladstone's party should be on hand in their seats when a division was called for on an important question.

At the time of the well-known Irish Home Rule Bill, the party began to split. Many members remained away, in the country, at home—anywhere to escape the bill. The whip was busy day and night gathering in doubtful and dissenting members. A member representing a northern provincial district was especially obdurate, and unfortunately controlled several votes besides his own. The day before the bill came up for a final vote, Lady Tweedmouth, then Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, was seen driving in Hyde Park with the wife of the stubborn member, at the fashionable hour. The whip's efforts were no longer required. Social ambition had done the trick and the member and his friends were in solid line.

It has been observed by a penetrating

essayist that snobbishness, a quality popularly supposed to flourish among the aristocratic, in reality has its roots in the lower circles of society. Its seed is pretension; it is cultured and pampered by toadyism. The truth of this observation is most clearly demonstrated in London society.

People who rail against the present rottenness of English society and lament the virtuous past, should dip into Grammont,

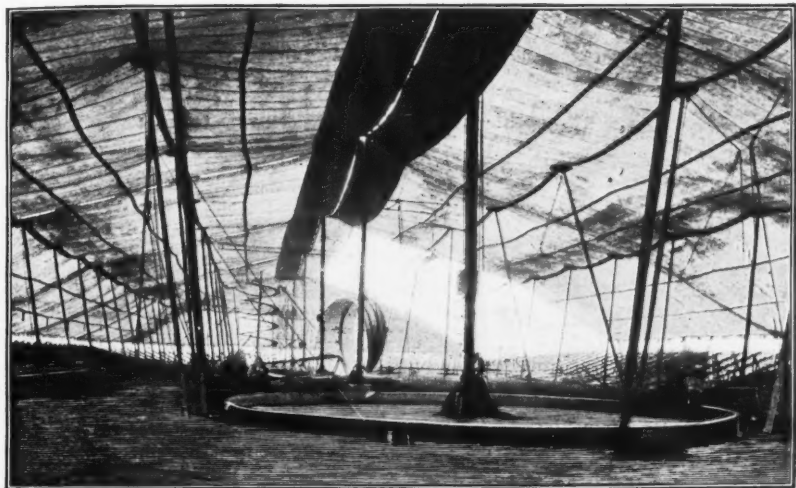
Pepys and Evelyn and learn of the kennels to which the court went in quest of pleasure, and the revels indulged in by the King and his companions, of the general low tone of morality that prevailed in those days. The Selwyn letters give posterity a disgusting insight into the social life of the aristocracy during the reign of George III. There were lewdness, gaming and general debauchery undisguised by a cloak of hypocrisy; a condition of af-



LADY GRANBY.

airs little bettered by the succession of the fourth George. The reign of the late Queen established a standard of virtuous conduct, and her example did much to chasten the aristocracy. Fast English society of to-day may be if measured by puritanical standards, but judge it by Continental society or English society of other periods and it appears, if not snow-white, at least not so black as it is the fashion to paint it.





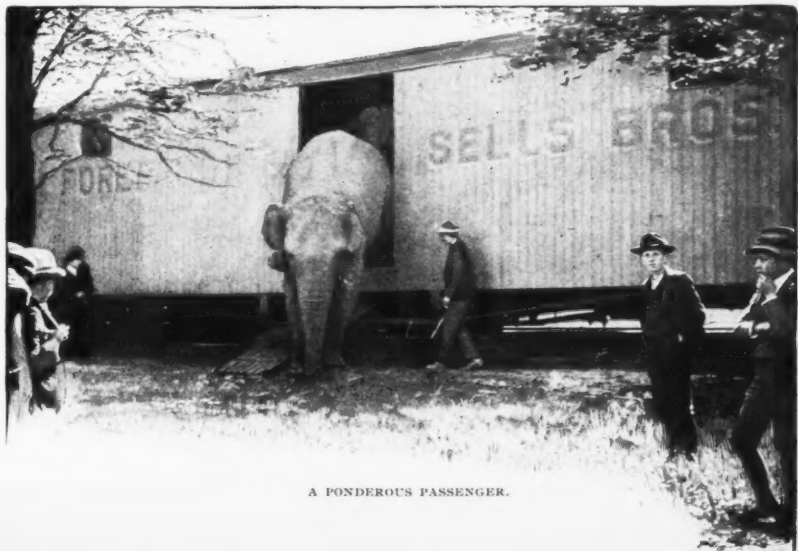
BEFORE THE CROWD IS ADMITTED.

## THE ORGANIZATION OF A MODERN CIRCUS.

BY WHITING ALLEN.

SITTING, like birds gone to roost, on a fence surrounding a broad, smooth field, were some boys, watching impatiently the parting rays sink from a low oblique till the sun had gone to bed. With a firm resolve to beat the sun in its return to that field, they trudged reluctantly homeward. For those boys knew, as all others knew

who lived within fifty miles, that before the sun rose the pastoral quiet of that field would be broken, the twittering of birds, the chirping of insects and the lowing of kine would be hushed—unheard in the confusion of sound that would come from the squawking of birds from the tropics, the shrill trumpeting of huge elephants and the



A PONDEROUS PASSENGER.



AN EQUESTRIAN PAIR.

snarling and roaring of lions and tigers—that the circus would be there.

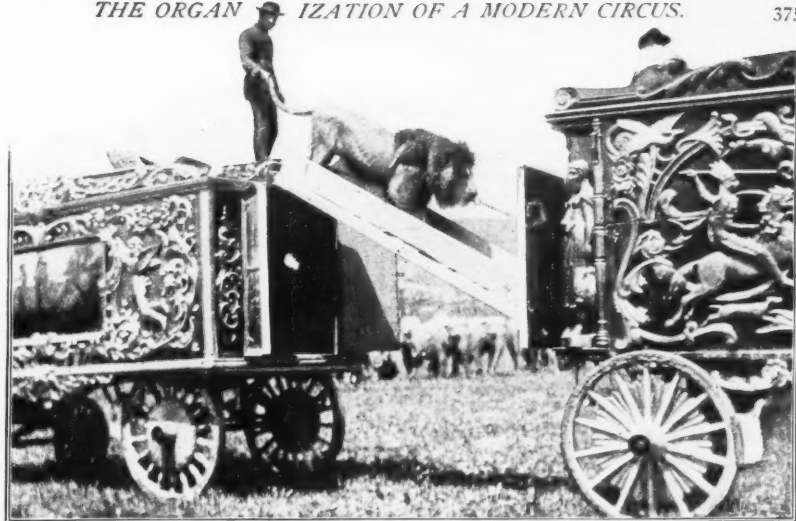
Greater wonder by far than all the curiosities and the performance of the circus is the really marvelous system which governs every element of its organization and makes possible its smooth and certain operation upon such a stupendous scale. It is given to no layman and to but few circus people to realize the scope of a circus organization. An outline of some of the multifarious elements will be attempted in the hope that it will prove interesting and comprehen-

sible. No other human institution is so generally known and so little understood as the circus. Along the same paradoxical line it may be said that no other thing so vast in dimensions springs so quickly into existence in a community or is so slow of growth. In one day it is in one town, the next day it is in another, and so on for a period averaging six months in every year. And yet it is built slowly and with the greatest conceivable care. Its accumulation and care are the work of many, but the central, creative intelligence is the mind of but one man. The number of truly great circus creators is extremely limited.

Such a man must know the country, its character and inhabitants, and this involves the industries and pursuits of the people of nearly every county and of every state in the United States. His knowledge along this line extends to almost every section of Continental Europe, omitting only Russia, Spain and Italy; every town in Great Britain and Australia, and nearly all the countries of South America. This knowledge must be largely specific, and the fund of it is enlarged continuously by the reports of agents who are sent months ahead along the route that is contemplated for an ensuing season. He has in his mind's eye a photograph of every town. He must know the location of the railroad yards and their relative position to the grounds the show will exhibit on. He must know approximately how much dirt it will require to fill in depressions that will become pools in the event of rain, and provide in advance of the arrival of the show to meet



CROWDING INTO THE BIG ARENA.



TRANSFERRING THE LORD OF THE DESERTS.

such a contingency. He must know that there are no bridges to be crossed that will not bear the burden of his heavy vans and cages, and that the elephants will refuse to cross—for an elephant knows instinctively if a bridge will not sustain his weight, and he can scarcely be forced to attempt it. In fact, the exceptions where he has been forced against his protest have invariably proved the infallibility of his instinctive judgment.

A general knowledge of all phases of national, state and municipal law that will affect the operation of his show is also necessary: licenses, their amount and manner of collection; contracts, their form and force. He must be familiar with the price of provisions for man and beast—the prevailing prices of the places to be visited,

and elsewhere, in order to take every advantage of the markets of various sections. He must be well informed about the railroad business, the materials and construction of all kinds of cars, and their dimensions in order that the entire route of the show may not be changed by a bridge or a tunnel too low or too narrow—and instances of shows suffering serious losses of time and money from such causes are not infrequent when their managers are inexperienced—the kind of iron and wood and paint necessary, and all the details acquired only by men who make this knowledge their life-work. Not only distance but the grades of a road sometimes make it impossible to carry a show from one town to another in time to give the exhibitions and get away, and he knows what parts of a road to avoid



COOKING FOR THE ENTIRE TROUPE.



A DIGNIFIED PARADE.

to obviate any loss from that source. He knows the basis of rates and how they are fixed by the different railroads, and avoids lines which are extortionate. He must not be charged for more engines and crews than are necessary to handle his show.

Better knowledge of the horse may not be had on any stock-farm nor in any gipsy-camp. He knows that the Norman, with its enormous strength and gentle disposition, allied with the wiry sinews and stamina of the American horse, will give him a short-coupled, stocky but nimble animal that will be able to bear the strain of sleeping standing in a moving train of cars at night and heavy hauling at day with no loss of spirit or of strength. He is a practical veterinarian, whose judgment of an

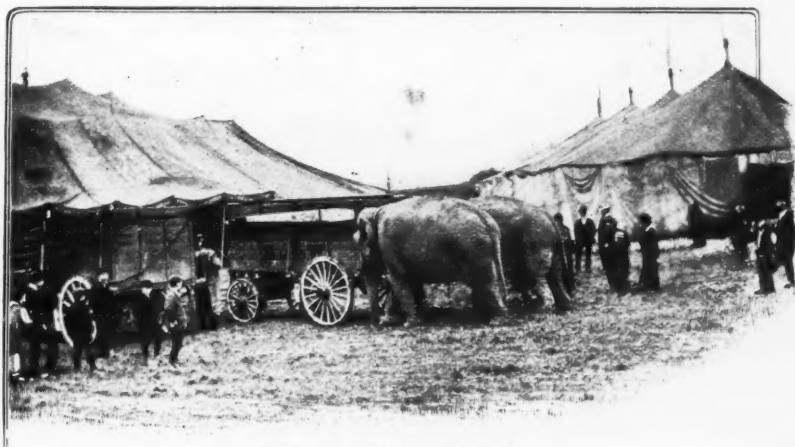
ailing horse must be quick, accurate and final. He has the same sort of knowledge of all kinds of animals, tame or wild; knows their habits and their food and how much they should have—that carnivorous animals should be made to fast one day in each week to keep them healthy. Sunday is fast-day in the menagerie. The sort of hay that each section of the country will supply and its effect on the horses, elephants, and other animals that consume it; harness and trappings, the kinds of leather, and every detail of their outfit to the width of the bit each of his horses must have, are also within the scope of a circus proprietor's range of observation.

Being the greatest of all consumers of lithographic printing, he is almost a master

of the lithographic art as well as a practical printer in the knowledge of paper and of ink of every color—its cost, weight and endurance—so that he can figure with an equal advantage so far as knowledge goes with the printers who do the enormous amount of work he consumes every year. Being the heaviest of advertisers in proportion to the amount of business he is capable of doing, the circus manager must have a broad and precise knowledge of rates per line, per inch, per column and per page in the principal newspapers all



A HOTEL ON WHEELS.



USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.

over the world. The preparation of all his advertising material is under his immediate attention and must meet with his approval before it goes to the public.

Truly great showmen have not been great alone in general success, but they possess that rarer quality, greatness in detail. Enough detail has already been given to show the extraordinary versatility that forms the central and controlling intelligence in the organization of a circus.

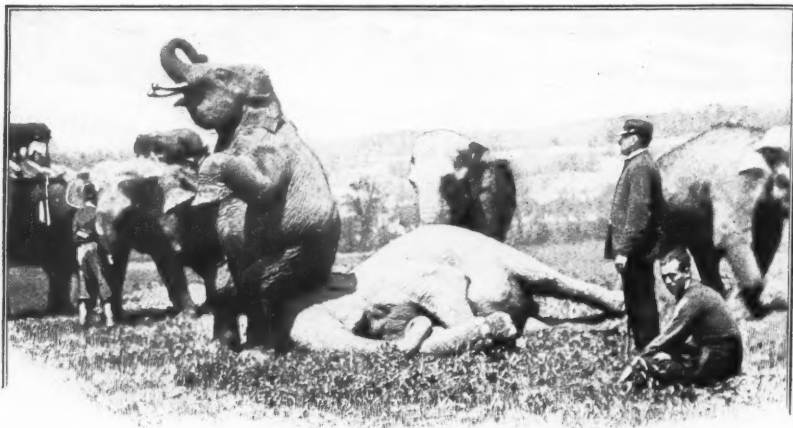
To illustrate further the character of that intelligence, it may be well to visit first the office of a circus while it is in its winter quarters. None of the first-class circuses extends its season beyond the middle of November, though the idea generally obtains that they migrate South during the winter and run along like the brook. The season ended, usually at some Southern point, the show is shipped into winter quarters. About one-half of the persons employed during the summer go to their homes, and it is a somewhat curious fact to the observant that they prefer the small towns or farms rather than the cities. There they while away the winter at various domestic and social pursuits. Circus women especially are fond of the quiet life in winter, and are domestic in disposition, seeking to avoid a crowd after six months of daily crowds in the pursuit of their calling. No woman will be employed by a first-class circus who is not accompanied by some male relative, and

scandals among the women are absolutely unknown. The remaining one-half of the employees are kept busy at the winter quarters in caring for the animals and the property and preparing for the next season.

In the office will be found the proprietors, surrounded by their agents. These comprise, usually, a general agent, whose duties are described by his title; a railroad contracting agent; two or three agents who are known as "contracting agents," who engage the lots, arrange for livery teams, bill-boards, provisions, et cetera; the treasurer, and the one or more bookkeepers, typewriters, et cetera; and a general press agent, whose winter duty is to prepare the advertising material—writing the various publications, copies of newspaper advertisements, lettering the big posters, et cetera—in short, to act as editor of the circus. Engagements with performers are usually made before the close of the preceding season. In any event, they are all made before the first of the year. As soon as they are done, the general agent arranges with the proprietor his appropriation



A LOOK AT THE SPECTATORS.



PUTTING THE ELEPHANTS THROUGH THEIR PACES.

for posters and small printing for the following season, and then contracts with the printers. Descriptions of the acts and features to be advertised are given to artists who make a specialty of designing such bills, and they send in their sketches. The press agent supplies the verbal descriptions, and the printing begins. All this matter is well under way by the first week in March. Some idea of the extent of this work may be had from the fact that the largest circus

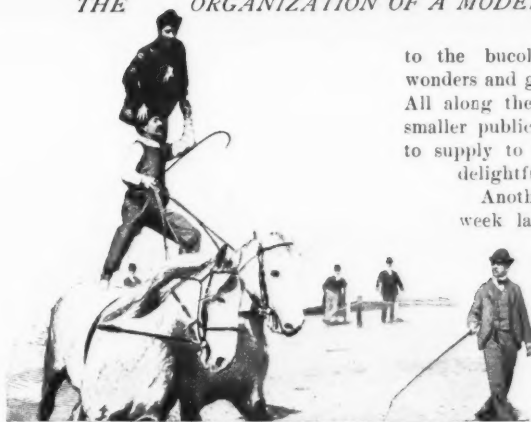
company used in a single season seventy-seven kinds of posters ranging from one sheet to thirty-two sheets in size, and twelve publications, from a four-sheet to a twenty-page book or courier, which have an edition of four hundred and fifty thousand each, or a total of five million four hundred thousand.

Regarded as the most important work of preparation, the selection of the route which the show will travel during the season is



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE COMMENCES.





ACROBATS ON HORSEBACK.

made by the proprietors; they never delegate that work to any one else. Every phase of the condition of the country it purposes to traverse is known in advance. As soon as the route is determined, the agents are sent out making all kinds of contracts. These agents are kept about six weeks in advance of the show throughout the season, although it frequently occurs that the exigencies of competition necessitate the making of these contracts many more weeks in advance.

Three weeks before the day of the show to exhibit in a town, an advertising car appears in that town. The agent in charge of the car has telegraphed ahead the time of his arrival, to the livery man, the bill-poster, and all others with whom the agents have contracted for advertising facilities. From five to ten two-horse teams are waiting at the depot for the car to arrive. Immediately the bill-posters hoist into the wagon a metal barrel of hard paste, which when softened by water will make a total of about four barrels. They take also from three hundred to a thousand sheets of posters, and before night the barns are ablaze with the multi-colored posters that hold forth

to the bucolic passers-by the alluring wonders and glories of the coming show. All along the road, at every house, the smaller publications are spread broadcast to supply to the farmer's boy the most delightful literature of the year.

Another advertising car comes a week later. The men on this car

restore all the posters damaged by wind or water, and a number of the bill-posters go out along the line of the railroads and cover all the boards at every station within a distance of thirty to fifty miles. In another week, still another car comes in

to look after repairs to the advertising and replace some of the bills with others new in subject and design.

At about five o'clock, the show trains, usually three in number and of about twenty extra-long

cars each, roll into the town. The first carries the workmen and workhorses, the tents and the necessary paraphernalia to place them in position. An agent who has arrived in the town the day before meets them to give them such information as is not included in the very exhaustive reports sent

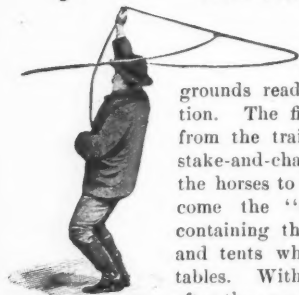
in to the show by all the agents. These reports are so thorough that every sheet of paper that has been posted on a wall or board or hung in a window is accounted for—its location and the consideration that was given for placing it there. All



LIMBERING UP.



SOME ROUGH RIDERS.

THROWING  
THE LASSO.

the provisions are on the grounds ready for consumption. The first thing taken from the train is called the stake-and-chain wagon, with the horses to haul it. Next come the "cook wagons," containing the open ranges, and tents which shelter the tables. Within half an hour after they reach the grounds, breakfast is ready for the workmen. Meanwhile the boss canvasman has staked out the tents as fast as he can stride, thrusting into the ground a slender iron spike that is soon to be replaced by a strong wooden stake to which the "guys," or ropes of the tents, will be fastened. Teams of horses pull the huge center-poles into an upright position. The vast reaches of canvas are unrolled and pulled into position over the rows of smaller poles which will be raised later. Thousands of stakes are driven into the ground by gangs of sledge-hammer drivers who will surround a stake and with unerring aim and in perfect cadence drive it many feet into the solid ground in less time than it takes to read this description of the operation.

By eight o'clock all the show has been removed from the trains to the grounds, and by this time the "cook tent" for the performers and officers has been put up, and breakfast, substantial, well cooked and always of fresh materials, is ready to serve. Then follows the work of preparation for the parade. Very few persons are exempt

from the parade. Occasionally a performer is so much of a star as to be free from that duty, but as a rule the officers and a large body of workmen who place the seats in position are the only absentees.

Usually nine o'clock sees the parade leave the grounds to make a tour through the principal streets. To the little folks who have never seen a circus parade, it is the incarnation of all earthly glories. Years after, they will tell their children of what a wonderful vision it was and sigh for the good old days to return.

When the parade is over, there is rest for almost everybody, except the side-show people, till after dinner. At one o'clock the doors open, and the serious purpose of the day is at hand, taking in the money and giving an entertainment in return. To any one who has witnessed the performance of a modern circus, it is unnecessary to tell of the perfect precision of movement of every one concerned with the program.



A YOUNG PERFORMER.

The performance moves with a machine-like regularity, which is obtained only by rigidly enforced discipline with a certain punishment by fines or dismissal following an infraction of rules that cover every phase of action and demeanor. Absolute

sickness is the only possible excuse for a departure of any kind from the schedule.

When the afternoon program is ended, there is another period of rest for all but the side-shows. An early dinner is followed by pastimes of all sorts, strolling around the town or making necessary purchases.

At eight o'clock, immediately after the evening performance begins, the work of



FALLING INTO LINE FOR THE CHARGE.

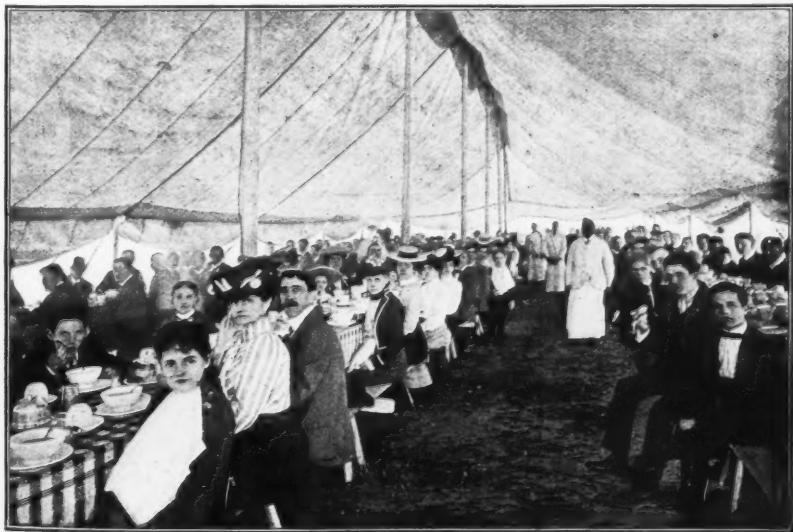


GETTING INTO LINE FOR THE PARADE.

removal commences. The smaller tents for stables, repairs, wardrobe, lights, and various other purposes are taken down and loaded into the wagons and taken at once to the trains, where men who do nothing but load and unload the trains take possession of them. The horses return to the grounds for still another load of material. The menagerie tent is emptied of its dens and other contents in the same manner, and by the time the audience leaves the

tent that contains the arena—or "big top," in circus parlance—the great tent through which they entered has disappeared along with other cares that infest the day.

During the concert at night the work of dismantling the main tent is in progress. It takes but a few moments to remove the seats used at the concert, when at a signal the walls of the tent are let fall and the top is lowered. Sometimes the work of loading everything left is of not more than twenty



IN THE DINING-TENT.



THE BEAR AND HIS KEEPER.

minutes' duration, and in another half-hour all the properties are on the train.

Schedules for the movement of the train are already prepared. Car doors are locked at midnight, and every one must be in bed save the limited number whose duties require them to look after the train. The berths in the cars are stationary, and more capacious than those of the Pullman sleeper. At the beginning of the season, each person is assigned to a certain berth, which must be occupied by the same person all the season. Each car has its porter who looks after it exclusively. Laundry and such matters are his perquisites.

There are comparatively few changes in the personnel of a circus organization. The layman will be surprised to learn that a

majority even of the rougher workmen remain year after year with one show.

Nearly all the performers and all the officers, with scarcely ever an exception, are individually a reflex of the systematic organization of the circus. Every day finds them in the same place and performing the same duties with unvarying loyalty to the show. There is a community of interest that is infrequent in other organizations, and this fact is one of the elements of the slow growth of the circus to which allusion has been made.

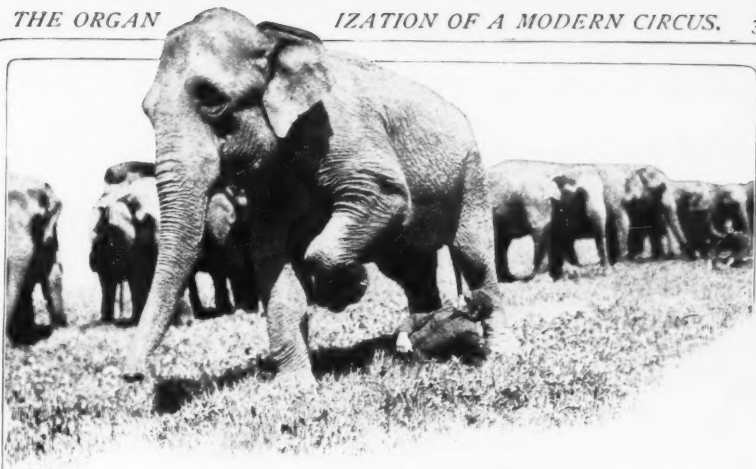
A new show made up of strangers could not succeed.

That the circus is an illustration of effective organization, has been demonstrated in a

most striking manner during the past five years that the Barnum & Bailey show has been in Europe. The first year, while it was touring England, the great English "Thunderer," the London "Times," contained a long and broad column editorial written by one of the most noted divines of the Church of England calling the attention of the government to the marvelous organization of the circus and urging the War department to assign officers to the show to learn from it the advanced methods it employed in the moving of heavy material, the erection of its vast tents, its system of railroad transportation, and kindred features. The suggestion was accepted, and thereafter the circus was accompanied by a detail of different officers



THE PRINCIPAL EQUESTRIAN PERFORMERS.



A HAZARDOUS DISPLAY OF CONFIDENCE.

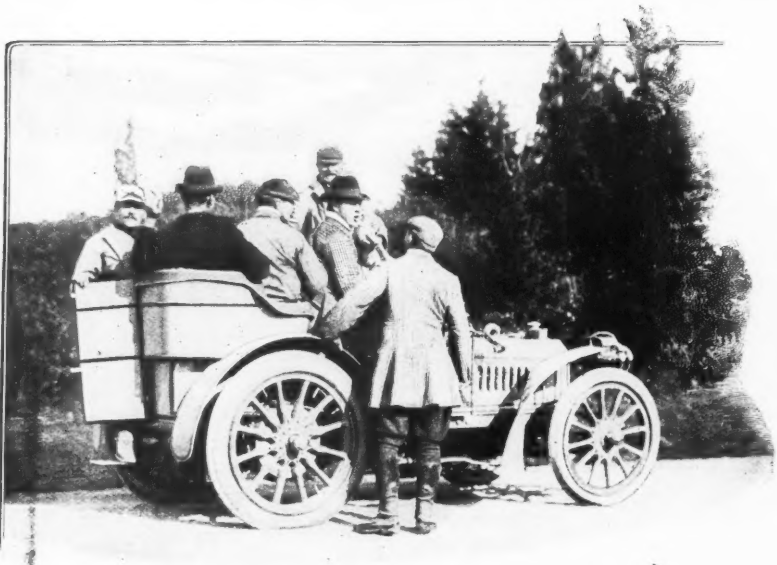
every day it exhibited in the kingdom. Later, when it had crossed to the Continent and was exhibiting in one of the great capitals, the monarch of one of the greatest world-powers visited the show incognito on the closing night and personally witnessed the entire operation of the taking down and loading of the show, and expressed to some of its officers his wonderment at the excellence of the system. He got then his first idea of running heavy vans up and onto cars by means of skids or running-boards at the ends of the cars. He confessed almost shamefacedly that in his vast army they had been hoisting their heavy artillery over the sides of cars, with a manifest waste of time and labor.

In the circus there is a place for all things animate and inanimate, and all things must be in their places. A bit of color may be all that indicates the place for a certain stake, but it is enough. The stake will always be found in the same place, though the soil may be entirely different from that in which it stood the day before. As with the stake, so with all.

And so it is submitted that the modern circus is an exemplification of organization as nearly perfect as a human creation may be. It really may be regarded as providing some degree of profit as well as affording pleasure, especially to the young—and that means everybody, for all are of the same age while at the circus.



PRACTISING THE OPENING FEATURE.



MR. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND FRIENDS OFF FOR A COUNTRY CLUB.

### DIVERSIONS OF SOME MILLIONAIRES.

BY WALTER GERMAIN ROBINSON.

BY inheritance, the American is a true sportsman. He has it in his blood. He derives his love of the open, of hunting and of fishing, of horses, and of life on the sea, from ancestors who over a century ago were famous with gun and rod, were excellent horsemen and splendid sailors. But the sport of those days came of necessity. The explorer, the settler and the backwoodsman had new regions to discover, food to provide and wild animals to keep away from the freshly built home. In the years which followed the gradual

settling of the country, and the Indian and colonial wars and the Revolution, the people of the United States were too busy in building up a commonwealth to take up sport as a pastime. Even as late as the sixties, millionaires were not plentiful, and those who had money, or who had made it, were not generally of the class that cared for life in the open. There were occasional trips to the Adirondacks, or to the Rockies or other parts of the West, for big game; racing was being established more as a business than a pastime; and there had been a few

men who had taken up yachting. But no one seemed to have the leisure to indulge in sport to any great extent, and to possess a trotter who could make two-forty was considered to be about the limit in sporting life among gentlemen.

Charles Astor Bristed, who published a



MR. CHARLES R. FLINT PUTTING OFF TO HIS YACHT.



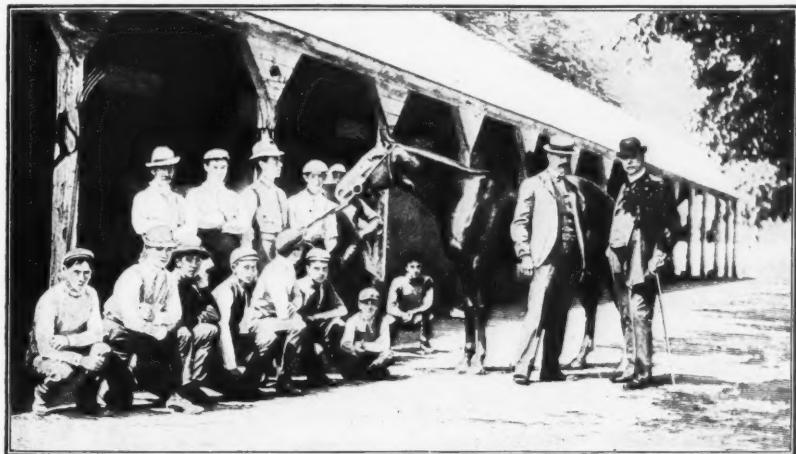
series of letters on American manners in 1851, gives a graphic picture of the sporting proclivities of the wealthy New York man of that day:—

"The younger men were mostly merchants who came up daily from the city by a late train; the older, retired bankers, who still amused themselves by little speculations. Their talk was of wines and the stock market, with an occasional cross of trotting-horse"—and the sketch of social life in Westchester County which follows, continues in the same strain. There is much about trotting, but not a word concerning any other possible sport in which the average European was interested. There

had practically unlimited money at his command, and a storehouse of the experience of others from which to draw.

The result has been that within a few years America has taken the lead in nearly all the sports, and each year sees greater possibilities for the future. In fact, the American millionaire is magnificent in all he does. For every fad or amusement or pastime which he adopts or enters into, he has unlimited power to bring it to a perfection within a very short time.

Take, for example, yachting. It was in 1851 that the schooner "America" was built, and won the first trophy for this country. From that time, almost, in racing



MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY AT HIS RACING-STABLES.

were practically no game-laws, and of course no game-preserves, and in consequence the English sportsman heard with amazement that the American had allowed the bison to become almost extinct, and the moose to be driven into the wilds of the Canadian forests, and the native birds and fishes to be almost destroyed.

It was really not before the late seventies that the American sportsman came into existence. He was from a younger generation, which did not have to bother itself about the actual making of money, as these great fortunes now accumulated themselves. He was, more or less, a man of leisure. He had traveled a great deal and was familiar with life all over the world. He

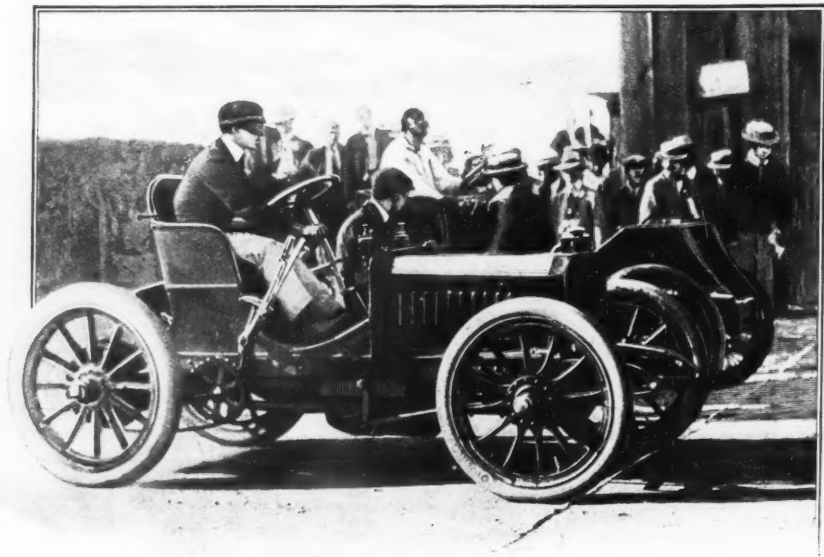
there has been a constant succession of triumphs. The millionaire has gone in for yachting and he has managed to have his vessels constructed so that they claim the admiration of the world. In 1901, exactly a half-century afterward, the German Emperor gave the order to an American firm for the building of the "Meteor." The launching of this yacht and the attendant ceremonies and the visit of Prince Henry are events fresh in the memory.

But the millionaire sportsman who loved the water was not content in building the fastest racing-craft and winning the cups of the world. Club after club was established, and to-day the New York Yacht Club with its numerous stations along the Atlantic

coast is unrivaled. To those who are devoted to aquatics, a steam-yacht hardly comes within the definition of sport. At the time of the building of the "America," and indeed for years afterward, there was not a steam-yacht owned by an American. To those who went last year to the race between the "Columbia" and "Shamrock II.," the superb fleet of large ocean-going steam-vessels owned by Americans was one of the most inspiring and interesting sights of the day. Here was the "Nahma," in which the Robert Goelets had traveled all around the world, and which last summer was considered a wonder in the line of yachts owned by private individuals at St. Petersburg, and which later was visited by the Emperor of Germany at Kiel. Here was the "Nourmahal" of John Jacob Astor; the "Narada" of Mr. Walters, of Baltimore; the immense "Niagara," owned by Mr. Howard Gould; the "Varuna" of Mr. Eugene Higgins; the "Conqueror" of Frederick Vanderbilt, and more than fifty others. All of these ships, although called by the sportsmen "steam-ferries," are perfectly appointed ocean steamships. They are most luxuriously fitted up and their owners have sailed all over the world in

them. A steam-yacht is perhaps the costliest of the millionaire's playthings. When she is in commission, there are the captain and crew and cooks, stewards and a large staff of servants, to be employed; entertaining is done on a lavish scale; and a single season costs a small fortune. Each year sees improvements in the building of steam-yachts. They are now constructed to make the voyage across the Atlantic in as short a time as any of the liners.

But the millionaire is never content with one yacht. His great steam-yacht proper is for ocean travel. He generally has an auxiliary cruising-yacht propelled by gasoline for the coast. This is, of course, a sailing-yacht in which the propelling power is used only in case of a calm or of an emergency. He is sportsman always and he must have his racing-yacht; his catboat, which has come much into favor at Newport and other seaside resorts for racing limited distances, and a still smaller craft introduced at Newport last summer for like contests. To the large steam-yachts belong yawls of different descriptions, including those propelled by naphtha and gasoline; to the summer home by seaside, on the Sound, lake or river, the steam,



MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AT THE START OF AN AUTOMOBILE RACE.

electric and naphtha launches are a necessity.

Here, for one millionaire sportsman, is a fleet of vessels of various kinds. The American is not content with having one or two habitations. He must, so to speak, have a home in every place where there is a chance for his favorite sport. But the American is catholic in his tastes. He is not absolutely devoted to one kind; he is interested in several different fads and he wants to be the "king-pin" in each of them.

An Englishman once wrote a flamboyant patriotic song in which he described his country as "Queen of the Earth," and, he cried, "wide as the world is her kingdom of power." This might apply also to the American sportsman. Having conquered the seas, he looks very naturally toward the earth. Five years ago an automobile, now smartly called a "motor," elicited curiosity in New York city.

People would stop to see it pass by, just as they would gaze in the air to-day if one of Santos-Dumont's flying-machines went whizzing by. The motor had first gained its popularity in France; the United States took it up before England adopted it. To-day it is alike the toy of the millionaire and the absolute necessity of travel. It is odd how soon one adapts oneself to a new invention and wonders how one could ever have got along without it.

The automobile suggested vast possibilities to the American millionaire sportsman. It is true that he "ruled the seas" in more ways than one. He was the victor of the yacht-races and with his luxurious yacht he could go anywhere. But on the land, he had to trust to the mercy of special cars and special trains. If he was a railroad director, the latter were obtainable, but if not, even at a vast expense, he could never be sure of gaining a given point at a given time.

The automobile club has been in existence



MR. CORNELIUS VANDERHILT ON HIS YACHT.

only a few years. From a sportsman's point of view, there are fewer pastimes more exhilarating or more satisfactory. To those who have participated in motor races or even motor timing contests, other sports seem tame. The bicycle in one way was the precursor of the motor. Both have done wonders for the highways of this country. The owners of automobiles and those interested in the development of this most luxurious and comfortable means of locomotion, have prevailed upon the various states to pass laws concerning their roads. In Europe there is an advantage, as the old Roman highways on the Continent have always been kept up and one can travel with comparative ease through the principal countries of Europe on horseback, driving, awheel or with a motor.

Thackeray and all the brilliant writers of a generation ago have described the very refinement of travel as that which allowed a man to go over the Continent in his own coach and four. Railways were

democratic. The motor, however, combines the speed of the railway and the privacy of the old coach.

But it is not alone as a convenience that the motor presents itself in a favorable light to the millionaire sportsman. The recent speed trials and races have suggested a new form of sport most exciting and exhilarating. In the great race from Paris to Vienna, there were three American competitors. One of these, Mr. William Elliott Zborowski, came in fourth. He married the great-granddaughter of the first John Jacob Astor. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mr. Foxhall Keene, both American millionaires, would have made splendid records if an accident had not happened to their tires. Mr. Vanderbilt had made phenomenal records in France during the spring.

With an automobile club, with numerous millionaires like the Vanderbilts, Colonel John Jacob Astor, David Wolfe Bishop, Albert Shattuck, Clarence Mackay, Luther Kountze, Edward R. Thomas, Oliver H. P. Belmont, Van Rensselaer Kennedy, William C. Whitney and many others, the present status of the motor as a pleasure-vehicle is established. As a racer its popularity is increasing day by day, and it ranks with a horse in its general utility.

The motor has been considered by some



MR. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY WITH HIS BEAGLES.

a rival to the horse. In one way, perhaps it is. The most modern automobile and the blood race-horse are both objets de luxe. The performance by the motor of many tasks enables the horse-owner to keep the animals he owns simply for the purposes of sport and consequently to improve the breed.

Racing has always been a fad of the American. There have been jockey-clubs and racing-stables flourishing as far back as the thirties. In the North, however, racing never had the fashionable vogue that it did in the South. Race-week in Lexington, Kentucky, in the heart of the Blue Grass region, or in New Orleans, at the old Metairie Ridge course, was a social institution. The horses were owned by gentlemen and ridden by them. In the North and East, a certain puritanical prejudice prevailed against racing, which is only gradually disappearing. Putting aside all question concerning the morality or immorality of wagers, horse-racing *per se* has always been a sport of gentlemen, and the Ascot in England and the races at Baden-Baden, Paris, and various other Continental cities have taken the place of the tournaments of old. At the present writing, the breeding of race-horses, and the spring and autumn meets, have grown to be among the favorite diversions of the millionaire sportsman. Private race-tracks were, however,



MR. GEORGE GOULD AT POLO.

unknown, except in one or two instances in the South and in California, until within a very few years. Mr. William C. Whitney, one of the most distinguished of American millionaires, has been called the "Prince of Horsemen." At Wheatley Hills, Westbury, where he has a summer residence, he has also built a racing-establishment and a private course. The situation is picturesque, and there is no private stable in the world which can equal it to-day in its appointments. It is a great building which

center to racing center on special trains and in charge of a great army of grooms, stablemen, jockeys, and other employees.

With the name of Mr. Whitney are associated those who also have large racing interests—August and Perry Belmont, Clarence Mackay, James B. Haggin, William K. Vanderbilt, R. T. Wilson, Jr., A. H. and D. H. Morris, James R. Keene, Foxhall P. Keene and Arthur Featherstone. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Mackay are specially interested in Saratoga, and they have taken



MR. E. H. HARRIMAN BEHIND HIS FAVORITE TROTTER.

is prominent in the landscape for miles. The stable alone measures eight hundred and seventy feet in length. On the course, in the autumn, take place the famous steeplechases of the Meadowbrook Hunt. Mr. Whitney has also another commodious stable at Sheephead Bay, near the club and race-track, a breeding-farm in Kentucky and a large stable at Saratoga, and he has just purchased a vast area of pine-lands near Aiken, South Carolina, where he intends to have a wintering-place for his stud. His horses are conveyed from racing

hold of the racing there and have changed the nature of the sport to such a degree that to-day, instead of being a place where racing was merely professional, it has again become a Mecca for wealthy and fashionable Americans.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has entered seriously into the various sports in which the horse is the factor. He has purchased a large farm at Portsmouth, on which he has a private polo-field and a small track. For two years he has made a special study of coaching. This sport was introduced into



MR. DAVID WOLFE BISHOP IN HIS RACING-MACHINE.

this country as a recreation for gentlemen by Colonel Delancey Kane and the late Mr. Leonard Jerome, thirty years ago. The Coaching Club was established in New York, and at the old Jerome Park races as many as thirty and forty brakes could be seen drawn up in line in the field. The parades took place in the spring at New York and in the summer at Newport. For a time, however, fashionable interest, sometimes fickle, grew dull, and it looked as if coaching would be abandoned as a sport. But the last three years have seen a wonderful revival. The Coaching Parade of last May, with the veteran Colonel Jay in the lead, and the coaching season in the early spring, were both veritable successes. At present, all over the country, coaching-routes are being established and coaching-stables organized. The fad of tooling public coaches to and fro between the city and suburban resorts, a fad founded on an old-time English usage, has found in America no more enthusiastic exponent than Mr. Vanderbilt. It is told that a social struggler from Brooklyn was much chagrined to find that the purchase of a ticket entitled the holder merely to a trip on the coach without including a social acquaintance with the whip.

With coaching has also come a revival of interest in polo. This is practically an East Indian diversion, made fashionable in England twenty-five years ago and imported here a few years after. It is a diversion that only the rich can afford. Westchester County and the Country Club on the shores of the Sound introduced the game on this side of the water. The clubs at Cedarhurst and at Meadowbrook took it up, and a very

strong team was formed in Massachusetts. Like coaching, it languished a little, only to be revived recently. Mr. George Gould has done much for polo. He has provided a private field at his place at Lakewood. The field is open on match-game days to the public. This is the sport which Mr. Gould prefers to all others. He not only has entered into it with zest himself, but has trained his young sons so that to-day the family quartet is a very formidable

one for any polo team to tackle. The last American team sent to England played splendidly and won many laurels, although it was competing with East Indian officers who had been literally "brought up" on the game.

With racing and coaching and polo, has come naturally a desire for the improvement of the breed of the horse. Fashion finds an ever-constant diversion in the horse-shows. In winter these take place in New York; in spring in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and Washington, and in summer at Southampton, at Newport, at Bar Harbor and at almost all the smaller resorts. In fact, there is hardly a community which has a country club and an interest in the horse which fails to have its little show.

Many of these affairs are practically private. They are simply the diversions of millionaire sportsmen, who give the prizes, have the show on their own grounds and foot the bills.

The hunt is another form of sport which belongs exclusively to people of wealth and fashion. Near New York,



MR. CLARENCE MACKAY AT THE RACES.



the Meadowbrook is the most famous of the different hunts. Long Island is an admirable hunting country, and around the Meadowbrook Clubhouse are clustered many large country-seats belonging to those who are members of the Hunt and who have been attracted to the neighborhood by its presence there. The Hunt maintains expensive kennels and the master goes abroad every few years for new animals. The establishment of hunt-kennels at Meadowbrook has prompted the millionaire to invest in breeds of dogs other than the hound. The beagle is one of the race of hunting-dogs used to hunt rabbits and game of that kind. Mr. James L. Kernochan has one of the largest beagle kennels at Hempstead, which is one of the townships contiguous to the Meadowbrook district. Mr. August Belmont is another of the sportsmen who devote time to hunting and breeding dogs.

The Rutherford family has established kennels in New Jersey which have become famous. Although these are more than



MR. CALDWELL AND HIS BEAGLES.

amateur ventures and produce a certain profit, still they are the amusement and recreation of men of wealth, who would maintain them even if there were a loss attached to the venture.

The Meadowbrook Hunt has counterparts in all sections of the country. There is an excellent hunt in Westchester County, another at Balston Spa near Saratoga, the Radnor Hunt near Philadelphia, Chevy Chase at Washington, and the Elkridge Hunt near Baltimore.

The individual game-preserve has yet to be established. There is no shooting season in America, and perhaps to an English mind the house-party at a country estate is slow. But rapidly are the American millionaires acquiring whole districts in which they can hunt at their ease and pleasure. For years, miles of forest and mountain-land have been purchased in the Adirondacks, and it is now proposed that the owners unite and form a club, which shall be incorporated, and turn the entire district into one vast hunting-ground. This will require an enormous outlay, as gamekeepers and special police will have to be employed, and in certain places, where there has been much devastation and unnecessary slaughter, the preserves will have to be restocked. Mr. John D. Rockefeller and his son Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,



MR. WM. G. ROCKEFELLER AT HIS COUNTRY PLACE.

and Mr. William Rockefeller, own large estates of over fifty thousand acres in the Adirondacks. Doctor Seward Webb is also a large landholder, and much interested in this scheme, as are the owners of camps—luxurious modern dwellings—such as Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney, Anson Phelps Stokes, Frederick Vanderbilt, Levi P. Morton, Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and J. Roosevelt Roosevelt.

The cultivation of deer is another fad of the millionairesportsman, as are also artificial trout-streams and salmon-fisheries. One club in Nova Scotia is the most exclusive in point of wealth of any in this country. It is on the Restigouche, and its numbers among its members the Vanderbilts, Webbs, Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney and others. The Southside Club, near Babylon, Long Island, has a small deer-forest and miles of trout-streams. Mr. W. Bayard Cutting and Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, who live near by, both have vast estates, the greater portion of which is devoted to the breeding and preservation of wild game. Mr. William Rockefeller has also a large deer-preserve at his estate in Westchester.

Falconry, which has now a small follow-

ing in England; otter-hunting, which is a possibility; coursing, and boar-hunting, are as yet practically unknown in this country, but there is nothing to prevent the millionaire sportsman, if he chooses, from introducing any one of these—and entering into it "au prince," as he would certainly feel it would be his bounden duty, as an American, to do.

There is but one word as to the future.

Is everything to be exclusive? Are the millionaires of this country selfishly to keep their sports to themselves, to run horse-races on private tracks, to have polo-matches on private fields, to hunt on exclusive territory, to fish on rivers owned by them, and to acquire gradually vast estates, much larger in area than those in England or on the Continent, and in fact to "own the earth"?

It is well for wealth to promote certain sports, but it is to be hoped that the tendency to exclude the public from the enjoyment of those sports will be replaced by a spirit more democratic. Money lavishly spent for the edification of a few indifferent friends never brings the return it would if used in providing and maintaining a healthy form of sport which the many can admire and enjoy.



MR. HOWARD GOULD ON HIS YACHT "NIAGARA."

## BROKEN TOYS.

BY LATTA GRISWOLD.

### I.

SYMONDS had not married, so that he neither had been disillusioned of his ideals, nor had woven them into realities, wherein would have been true blessedness. Delicate impulses, on the one hand, had not been benumbed by the chill of lack of sympathy, nor had artistic possibilities been stimulated into creative works by the congenial companionship of a loved and loving woman. At the age of thirty-five he retained, for the most part, a certain formless manner of thought, a certain dreamy way of taking life, that characterizes the youth of keen sensibilities, soft dreams and no achievements.

He had painted a little, impressionistic sketches, of which only a few had found their way to satisfactory resting-places; played a little, usually improvising to the motif of his thoughts; and traveled with a light heart many a time from Dan to Beersheba and back again. The coupons of a judicious paternal investment made life easy for him, whether he dwelt in the fraternal bohemianism of some Continental city, or lived snugly midst purple and fine linen at his club in New York.

Often in idle moments—the half-hour's contemplation over a dying fire, or the insistent instants of revealing music—there came to him the glowing thoughts of what he might have been and done, the possibilities of some echoing half-forgotten passion, the subtle value of some lost incident, as, perchance, the peculiar grace of an ending day with the purpling clouds hanging in the golden west, and the calling sea around him, or the fresh wet smell of the woods as on one far-away dawn, when he had ridden away from the beating of the city to dream alone of the coming of a friend who was dear to him.

In the empty hour of one winter evening's twilight, as he strolled leisurely toward his club, a picture in a shop-window arrested his vagrant attention, and held it, as it sent the memories throbbing along his nerves. The picture, simple and familiar enough in its subject, and distinguished only by a certain grace and deftness, represented the gorgeous interior of some old time-worn

Roman palace. In the foreground sat a Cardinal, a grave figure despite its splendid scarlet, a fine head resting on a slender hand with the face turned from the beholder toward the only other figure in the picture—a young woman, clad in soft silks and laces, singing, at a harpsichord. Hers was the face, with each feature and line suggestive of the graces of mind and heart, that called to him, sang to him from the pictured canvas of a day wherein he had listened and caught the lights of her deep eyes, as even now the Cardinal.

The whole sweet, simple story came trembling back to him.

A friendly hand, laid upon his shoulder, startled him from his reverie.

"Dio mio!" came in soft Italian tones; "to what end, my friend, are you pondering over a stupid little picture? This wretched hack, whom I blush to acknowledge a compatriot, has stuck a cardinal into every daub he has perpetrated."

"Possibly," said Symonds dryly, recognizing an acquaintance picked up a year or so before in Rome, "possibly—yet this happens to interest me. Do you really chance to know the artist?"

"Yes, I know—the painter; as I said, a compatriot of mine, who, having spoiled the portraits of half the Sacred College, despairing of further commissions in Rome, drifted over here to compose banalities. Given a cardinal and a lady and a threadbare splendor of some room in an old palazzo, and you have such an advertisement for a shop-window! The good Cardinal there—how little he dreamed to what uses he would descend! Truly we are as little masters of the times when we shall appear as we are of those when we shall disappear."

"It is a portrait, then, undoubtedly?" inquired Symonds, regardless of his companion's remarks—"and, I should not imagine, altogether as bad as you infer."

"La-la! the likeness, as you call it, is good enough; any Roman beggar would recognize it for the Cardinal Lucca di Santavilla, patron of the graces, the god in the musical machine at St. Peter's——"

"And the lady——?"

"God knows—of the chorus possibly."

"But the theme?" interposed Symonds,

hastily. "The devil fly away with your prejudices, Torloni—this is not—not bad. The personages undoubtedly are real, the situation is interesting."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Torloni, "I believe you mean to buy it."

"Why, yes, why not? It attracts me. Will you come in?"

"No, no, not I. Oh, the good gold that you waste, my friend! But I shall go to see my compatriot the artist to-morrow night, and we shall drink your health, signor, in the best Tuscan wine. 'Tis an ill wind—— You know your own proverb—droll, is it not?"

Symonds smiled, nodded an adieu and went into the shop.

The obsequious proprietor elevated his eyebrows slightly when Symonds paid the price asked, but made no comment; the picture would be delivered promptly at the gentleman's club, and the proprietor was his most humble and obliged servant.

Symonds went out into the street again. The bells of St. Patrick's were chiming the angelus above the indifferent, hurrying crowd. He wondered idly how many within the sound of the bells were saying an "Ave Maria"—and then he remembered that he had heard *her* sing a "Salve Regina," with such purity of tone, such devotion, so forgetful of the children who were standing breathless around her, as though indeed she saw the Queen of Heaven.

It was the last time he had seen her, in the little church of San Marco outside the walls of Rome, on a summer evening, with the light of the setting sun coming through the rich stained windows and bathing the somber little church with borrowed glory. A little vespers for the children of the poor had just been said, and afterward, as she was going from the choir, the boldest of the children had intercepted her and pleaded for one more song. In rich, pure English, the tongue she loved, softly, tenderly she sang that vesper hymn to the Virgin.

"To thee we cry, poor exiled children of Eve,  
To thee we send up our sighs, weeping and mourning  
in this vale of tears."

It rang in his ears now. And had there been weeping and mourning? Had sighs escaped from that throat fashioned for such melody? Had tears dimmed those eyes so full of kindness, of love for

all around her? Alas! he did not know.

After the song, he had gone with her to the carriage without.

"Madonna," he had said, as he took the hand she held out to him, "you will not tell me where to come?"

"My dear friend," she interrupted, as she met his eyes, "I am truly, truly sorry. Good-by and God bless you."

And then she was gone.

That night when "The Rehearsal" came from the shop, and Symonds was alone with it in his room, examining it again and again with the most minute care, he recalled the few times he had seen her.

First, years ago, when as a child he had lived with his father and mother in London, while playing in the park one day he ran across a little girl, sitting under a lilac-bush, singing her doll to sleep. There was a quivering sweetness in the thin, high voice that thrilled the boy's heart as he stopped to listen, peering the while around the lilacs at a little fairy with great blue eyes and masses of chestnut curls. The eyes rested on him kindly as though they discerned a comrade.

"You like my doll?" the little girl asked, holding up a sawdust-stuffed beauty of waxen milk-and-roses for inspection.

"No," he responded promptly, coming forward; "I like you."

She paused for a moment, dubious as to the value of that compliment at the expense of her Geraldine, until, won by the frank look in his eyes, her pretty little lips trembled into smiles, and with a quick, impulsive movement, she held the doll up to him.

"You can hold Geraldine, if you are careful; and I'll sing some more; and if you keep her feet above her head, she'll be asleep, and then maybe you'll like her too."

So he held the doll, and she crooned out sweetly another verse of the slumber-song, and at length, when Mistress Geraldine was tucked safely asleep in her little carriage, they fell into foolish children's prattle, as they pulled the lilacs. There was much talk of their respective toys, the beauty of their mamas, and the grandeur of the houses in which they lived; when suddenly, the flirtations of their nurses having been interrupted, they were pounced on by those zealous guardians and carried

away, despite unlovely protests, to other playgrounds. Long, long afterward there was an unacknowledged longing in the boy's heart for that passing sweetheart of the park.

Twice or thrice thereafter, in the intervals of years, they saw each other—only for a moment, as it strangely happened—to smile a kindly greeting across the widening days, no more to talk of toys.

Again, as a young man, Symonds lay in Rome, ill of a fever contracted during a moonlight expedition, and she came, as from the sky, to nurse him—a nameless fragrance from the sweet world of life and health in among the sufferers, with her lilacs for him, cool hands, bright smiles, hopeful songs. There were long talks for them together—only the toys were different then—and many hours in which she sang to him, until the day came when he was fairly strong and well, and knew that on the morrow he must go out, and that she would come no more.

"Madonna," he said, smiling, "I cannot leave a P.P.C. card, you know, when you have not told me your name or where you live, and I hope you won't think it's mere bad manners."

She laughed gaily, flushing for the moment. "Oh, I never require that, you know. To nurse—to brighten the dull days of those who are suffering—is one of my greatest pleasures. But," she hesitated, "in your case, would it have been worth while to tell you where I live? Your memory is so short, I fear——"

"But my memory isn't so short, either," he blurted out. "I knew you the very first day after the delirium left me; you are the little girl of the London park years ago, and I held your doll while you sang it to sleep under the lilac-bushes. And then again on the Embankment—and at the theater once, the Duke of York's, in the lobby—you smiled. I have been thinking all along that *you* hadn't remembered."

She sat down then by him, and took his hands gladly in hers, without any affected hesitation or embarrassment.

"And once on the Calais packet," she reminded him—"you remember that too?"

"Oh, yes; I was going to Brittany to get my mother."

"And I was going to Rome—coming here for good and all. Does your mother still live in such a beautiful house?"

"Yes, in a better one—a golden one."

"Dear lost days!" she sighed. "And the toys, little boy—have you still such fine ones?"

"They are all, all broken. And the old houses, the fine ones, you know, are tumbled down."

"And we can never, never play under the lilac-bushes again."

"Oh, yes," he said, "we can always play, even if the toys are broken and the flowers faded. Oh, that little Geraldine, what splendid hair she had!"

"Yes, had she not? Oh, but, my dear, my dear, we are growing old, and we must be serious—I feel so old. Is it not sad how something has always happened to prevent our being playfellows? I can always be glad, though, that you remembered."

He put forth his hand and took her hand in his.

"No, no, little girl, I can't let you go like this. Why, do you know that for days and days after we had played together in that old London square, I used to cry for you? I have always been crying for you in the dark, stretching out my hands after yours, longing for you, wishing you might come—and now, do you think I can let you go like this?"

"Dear little boy"—she was smiling now through her tears—"I must go like this. I can't tell you how sorry I am, but I—I must go—like this."

"Oh, Madonna, Madonna," he cried wildly.

"Don't," she whispered, taking his hand again, and putting it to her forehead. "You have always, always understood, and somehow I have known it, just as if you had been here, and it has helped me often. And you must try to understand now, without my telling you anything more—that I must go. Little boy, all my life I have been beating my wings against a gilded cage, and you can't open the door and let me out, so don't frighten me, and make me hurt myself more."

"And this is all?"

"Yes, yes. To-morrow, at the San Marco, without the walls, I am to sing. You can come then, and say good-by."

Another little pressure of the hands, a frightened look into each other's eyes, and she was gone.

On the morrow they had met at the San Marco, and after that he had seen her no more. That was all. For ten years now she had been out of his life. Time had healed the wound which love had made, and content, in some sort at least, had come to him, until this picture brought the old heartsickness back again.

## II.

To say that one has dismissed an episode of the past, is always easier than to do so, and without doubt this was the case with Symonds, for though he did not acknowledge, even to himself, that the purchase of the picture in the shop-window lay at the basis of his change of mood, it was only after that that an intense disgust with his idle, useless life took firm hold of him.

Through the kind offices of Mr. Torloni, he met the artist of "The Rehearsal," and made many minute inquiries concerning the painting of the picture, the identity of the characters in it, and the meaning it was intended to convey. But the poor painter had little to tell. He had done the portrait of the Cardinal Lucca di Santavilla many times for certain little churches of which his Eminence was the patron, and on one or two occasions he was at the Cardinal's palazzo when this lady had come and sung to the prelate while he was sitting to the artist. It was long afterward, in fact after he had come to America, that he had conceived "The Rehearsal," partly because the characters pleased him, partly because subjects for his facile brush were well-nigh exhausted.

Symonds kept the picture, framed it appropriately and hung it about with Italian tapestries of the fifteenth century which he had picked up in Florence, making thereof a little shrine, before which, from time to time, he offered incense.

It was that very winter that Symonds, much to his own surprise and his friends' amusement, got to take an interest in one of the periodical struggles for good government in New York—an interest genuine and deep enough, however, to extract from him a good-sized check toward the campaign fund. Virtue, in this instance,

had something more than its own reward, for the generous party leader mentioned Symonds' name cordially to the President one day at Washington, and about the middle of March Symonds learned, not without surprise, that, "reposing special trust and confidence" in him, his chief magistrate had commissioned him as second secretary of the American Embassy at Rome.

Smiling a little at this confirmation of his theory of coincidences, he packed his belongings, sailed from New York, and within a fortnight had established himself in a comfortable apartment in the Via Capo le Cose, made his bow to his Majesty the King, dined with his chief, and, considering that he had not been in Rome in ten years, felt himself strangely at home.

He told himself with ingenious self-flattery that he had passed the day of youthful folly when he would follow a will-o'-the-wisp, and that the last reason in the world for his accepting the President's commission was the hope that he might see or learn something more of the mysterious lady who, as the little girl of the London park, the Madonna of San Marco, or the singer of the picture, had come and gone, so suddenly and strangely and with such lasting influences, into and from his life.

Nevertheless, with inevitable inconsistency, April with its balmy winds and mounting sun had not gone before he presented himself at the Palazzo di Santavilla and sent up his card to the Cardinal.

His Eminence had just finished an excellent breakfast and was turning over the pages of the "Tablet" listlessly, pending the arrival of his secretary. As he followed the lackey into the prelate's study, Symonds recognized the fine, silvered head, the strong, bent form, of the Cardinal of the picture. The face, which he did not know, was splendidly lined, and yet withal by the lines of sympathy as well as of strength. He was clad now in a black cassock instead of a scarlet one, a little red skull-cap was on his head, and he held the "Tablet" crumpled in his long, slender hands, whose counterparts Symonds knew so well.

"Your Eminence," began the American, bowing deeply, "a stranger can offer no excuses for an intrusion—yet nothing of my mission here this morning remains in mind





*Drawn by William James Hurlbut.*

"THE PRINCESS STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH HER HUSBAND—AND THE OTHER WOMAN."

except the necessity of apologizing for it."

The Cardinal, with a deprecatory gesture, waved him to a chair.

"Pray be seated," he said, in excellent English, practised in frequent communications to the "Tablet." "I beg that you will offer no apologies for giving me the pleasure of making your acquaintance. The late Delegate Apostolic to your country has mentioned several times the pleasure which he enjoyed in dining with you at Mrs. Dalton's in Washington, and suggested that I should have the honor of meeting you. You have but anticipated me, sir."

Symonds bowed. "I feel greatly indebted," he replied. "On this occasion, however, if your Eminence will pardon me, I come not only to pay my respects, but to beg your assistance in a matter very near to me."

"Ah, you are in trouble?"

"Yes—and no—that is to say, it is a trouble of long standing. I have great need of information which only your Eminence can give me. It is not spiritual difficulty. I am not a Catholic" (the Cardinal raised his eyebrows slightly), "but the need of a person—of a very dear friend—I find great difficulty in expressing myself—in a word, it is, it was a love-affair."

The Cardinal smiled, and raised his long, graceful hands in mock astonishment.

"You will pardon me," he laughed, "if I do not quite understand. Pray be frank. Perhaps you will not find me without a certain skill in handling the wounds of that dreadful little pagan god, who gives all of us a pang at one time or another."

Symonds paused; then, propping up his courage, began bravely. "It involves a story which I have no right to inflict on your Eminence."

"Have no fear; the priest knows no infliction when he is asked for help."

"Pardon. If you will permit, I will waste no words. The misfortune is, that I have always loved an incognita."

The Cardinal listened patiently until Symonds had recounted his parting with the Madonna at the San Marco ten years before.

"Ah," said he, "I think I understand."

"Your Eminence remembers, then, a lady such as I have described?" Symonds asked anxiously.

"Assuredly," rejoined the Cardinal; "a great many. That is the trouble."

"But there is a little more," Symonds continued, without smiling. "A few months ago, in New York, I came across a picture in a shop-window, by an artist who has often painted your Eminence's portrait. Possibly you now recall the circumstances? You are represented seated in this very room, if I mistake not, and my friend is singing to you at the harpsichord there in the corner."

The Cardinal started.

"Ah," breathed Symonds, "your Eminence remembers—?"

"Nothing," was the quick, non-committal rejoinder—"that is to say," he added, a moment later, "nothing that I think would be worth telling you. But tell me, my son, what induces you to seek out this incognita now? What is your object in coming to me to find out a name that she evidently did not wish you to know?"

"Surely," he replied, "it is very simple. I was in love. I have not forgotten. One tires of an empty life and of a vain stretching out of hands."

"Ah, yes," said the Cardinal, musing, "one does. But," he continued, "since your friend did not make her name known to you even after she had every reason to be aware of your love for her, has it not occurred to you that impliedly she rejected the offer of your affection, or possibly that there was some obstacle that made it impossible or most unwise that she should give you any hope, even though she may have cared for you?"

"Assuredly," Symonds replied, "both alternatives have occurred to me. But my vanity has rejected, or at least put aside, the one; and as for the other—well, your Eminence, ten years are a long time, and many things may happen to an obstacle while they are passing."

"Yes," the prelate assented, "ten years are a long time. But, for the sake of the argument, let us grant that I remember the lady, even know where she may now be found, and what the circumstances of her life are—surely I may be permitted to ask the question, What would you do if I should tell you?"

"Can your Eminence not supply the answer? Seek her, find her, offer her the

one thing in my life which has not been weak and vacillating, my love for her."

"Ah, my son, my son," said the Cardinal, putting his hand out and laying it kindly on the younger man's shoulder, "do you not see that you have not come to give yourself, and all that with God's grace you have made yourself, to her, but to ask her to give herself to you, simply because you have loved her, or rather cherished an ideal of her in your heart during the passing years?"

Symonds started to speak, but the words failed him. The Cardinal kept his hand on his shoulder, and looked him steadily in the eyes, his own grown milder, more sympathetic the while.

"I have loved——" the young man said at last, stammering over the words.

"Ah, yes, if love were the whole duty of man! My son, even though you are of another faith, learn one lesson of the Catholic religion—that sacrifice is sometimes better than fulfilment, and that it brings its own peace, a peace nothing else can give. She found it so."

Symonds bowed his head.

"My son," continued the old man, kindly, "I understand your story, and I thank you for coming thus to me and telling it me so frankly. Yes, yes, I know her whom you call 'the little girl of the park' and 'the Madonna of San Marco'; and if you will, I shall tell you her story. Shall we go into the gardens?"

Symonds bowed his acquiescence, and the Cardinal pulled a bell-rope at his side.

"Vincente," said he to the lackey who made his appearance at the doorway, "deny me to visitors this morning, and ask Padre Garona to see to my poor. We will have coffee in the gardens presently. Signor, will you come?"

He led the way through the long, cold corridors into the open, sunny gardens, under the clustering fir-trees, in among the early roses and Easter flowers. They found a seat, carved out of a rock near the fish-pool, in the warm, grateful sunshine. The Cardinal took a piece of bread from the pocket of his cassock and began to scatter it among the goldfishes in the pool.

"My pet extravagance," he said, with a smile. "I like their dainty, fastidious life, their perpetual calm; it is so different from

our own life, the life we know so well. Well, my son, the story is simple enough, as all stories are, if one can read between the lines. You told me, did you not, that the little girl whom you met so long ago in the London park prattled to you of the grandeur of the house in which she lived? Ah, my friend, it was a very grand house indeed. I have stayed in it many times during my visits to England; and it has as strange and wonderful a history as many of their royal palaces; and the people who lived in it were of the oldest and best blood in England, always faithful to the ancient church, always loyal nevertheless and ready to strike the first and the hardest blow against the enemies of their King. Your little girl grew up, the sole heir of that old house and that splendid name, somewhat in the fashion, I have imagined, of the daughters of our Roman patricians, obedient to the father's slightest wish, and yet the best beloved of all. Young, tender, gracious, she was like some rare and beautiful flower in a fine old garden. Yet it was always good to see her simple trust, her cheerful faithfulness to her religion, her ever-ready willingness to help and comfort. To the mind of that proud father, the last of his name and line, there was not Catholic blood in England good enough to flow in the same veins with his daughter's, and it was he who first brought her to Rome, to receive the blessing of the Holy Father, and to be united with the representative of one of the oldest, most faithful and splendid of our Roman families. Her beauty, her grace, her voice—full, as you know, of a vibrating, an unforgettable sweetness and charm—won all hearts. She took our little world by storm. The result was inevitable, and within the year I solemnized her marriage with the princely youth her father had selected for her consort—a rich, noble, handsome fellow—created for her, as it seemed then. Was it a love-affair? you would ask? How can one ever tell? Woman's love is so strangely placed, so strangely withheld. No, I do not think so; for that helps exonerate him, makes him seem a little less the brute. But if she was not in love with him, she was infinitely loving. Well, all seemed going gaily; they were the center of a brilliant circle, they gave marvelous dinners, splendid

fêtes, spent the winters at the Prince's palazzo here and the summers at a fashionable spa, apparently in love with their butterfly existence and with each other. Then one spring, she used to come and sing for me by the hour. She had sung for me once or twice on special occasions at St. Peter's, and I loved her voice. But I noticed then that there was a new look in her eyes—sadness, trouble. Yet I never dared question her, for I knew that she was one who could suffer and say nothing—would say nothing about it.

"Well, signor—my story drags—the catastrophe came, sooner and more suddenly than I expected. There were vague rumors, undertone gossip, about, that made me fear for them. There had been unfaithfulness, neglect, on the man's part, which the proud woman of the world had seemed not to see. But there was cruelty—ah, I do not wonder that you clench your hands; mine were clenched often enough in those dark days of hers. There was a public scene, in the opera. Ah, it was cruel! But, Dio! how imperial she was! The Prince, her husband, signor, owned a box, which was usually occupied by Madame la Princesse, but on certain other occasions by another lady. One evening—a sickly-hot April evening, as I remember—a party of the Princess's friends, myself among the number, after a dinner at her palace accepted an invitation for 'La Traviata'; Mario and Grisi were singing for the last time together. The dinner had been a long one, and we were late in arriving. The opera was going on, and the house was dark. The Princess entered her box quietly, and I followed, and then our friends. For several moments we did not discern that the box was already occupied. Then suddenly the curtain descended, the first act was over, the lights were turned on, and the Princess stood face to face with her husband—and the other woman. 'Infamous!' was the only word that my lips would form. The Prince rose, with an angry exclamation. 'My wife,' he muttered under his breath, with a curse. 'For God's sake,' he whispered hoarsely to the quivering woman at my side, 'avoid a scene; act as if you knew her——' 'Si, signor principe,' she replied, with bitter calmness, 'I know her.'

Then she turned, put her hand on my arm, and quietly asked me to take her out.

"That night she spent at my palazzo, and the next day retired to make a long retreat in a convent of Dominican nuns, of which she was the patroness."

The Cardinal paused.

"Yes, yes," said Symonds, hoarsely.

"But the result, the result?"

"The retreat became a vocation, the sanctuary a home; she has not been outside the convent walls since that day."

Symonds was silent.

"Your story has affected me strangely," said he, presently. "It explains so much that I misunderstood and that troubled me in days gone by. I thank you deeply, for I believe your Eminence has brought the greatest happiness into my life."

"Ah, I hope so," said the Cardinal—"the greatest happiness."

There was a peculiar intonation given to the words that made Symonds look up, but as he glanced at his companion's face, he could not fathom the expression there.

"Of course," he began—"and I am sure your Eminence agrees with me—it is my right to see her very soon."

"Yes—to see her. Yes, my son."

"And to speak with her, Eminence, to speak with her."

The Cardinal rose, as though to end the interview.

"Come to-morrow at four; I shall be at leisure and we will drive to the convent."

### III.

That night Symonds dwelt in a dream-land, as he had not done before—well, since he had lain ill of a fever in the Roman hospital so long ago—a world of fancy, wherein he played again under the early flowering lilacs of bright May days, and listened as "the little girl" sang her wonderful doll to sleep, or prattled to him of a splendid house and of a beautiful mama and of mysterious, unrivaled toys. Then came a change in his reverie, yet still across a dream-stage moved a loving, gracious woman, with the waving chestnut hair and the tender starlit eyes of the little girl, the Madonna of San Marco, singing again, as the breathless children waited, that soft vespere melody, "To thee we sing, poor exiled children of Eve." A cool hand seemed to rest upon

his hot brow, a soft voice to speak peace unto his restless soul.

On the morrow at four o'clock he called again upon the Cardinal di Santavilla. A carriage, emblazoned with the archiepiscopal arms, was waiting, and with little preliminary ceremony, they entered it and were driven rapidly away across the city.

It paused at last before the tall walls of a Dominican convent. The Cardinal descended first, led the way through the iron gates, which opened noiselessly at his approach, and advanced across the open courtyard of the gardens into the reception-rooms of the convent building.

Grave, black-garbed sisters were passing to and fro, pausing now and then, as they recognized the Cardinal, to receive a blessing, which he gave them, as he traced the sign of the cross above their heads.

Leaving the barely furnished reception-rooms, and passing along numerous corridors, they entered at last into a splendid chapel.

At the altar the acolytes were lighting the tapers preparatory for the vespers, the organ was emitting the strains of a Gounod prelude, and numerous black-robed nuns were entering the chapel in companies of twos and threes, genuflecting solemnly before the Host hidden in the tabernacle, then slipping quietly to their knees in their accustomed places.

At last the priest, vested in the white robes of the Easter octave, made his entrance behind a little procession of altar-boys, took his place in the sanctuary, and the service began.

The Cardinal had been looking carefully at the faces of each of the nuns as they came in, but each time sank back disappointed. She for whom he was looking seemed not to be there.

As for Symonds, he felt the old familiar nearness of the little girl; and as he knelt there, by the side of that old man, gray in the service of the Lord, there came to him something of the peace of the church. The soft, soothing music, the faint odor of the incense, the look of devotion on the rapt faces of those about him, calmed him, as he had not been calmed since he had stopped before the little shop-window in New York and "The Rehearsal" had

brought the old love and longing back to him.

Then in the still, hushed church a clear voice rose, and sang, to Palestrina's chaste and solemn music, the "O Salutaris Hostia"—the voice he had waited for so long. He was not startled, for it came as he expected it, in the hush of devotion, in the quiet of the vesper hour.

He turned and looked, and saw her standing in the choir behind him, clad in her black nun's garb, with the white bands about her face. It was the same sweet, pure face, and now had its great deep-blue eyes fixed upon the statue of Mary with the Christ-child in her arms. The Virgin seemed to smile upon her, as the melody of that sweet hymn rose and fell.

"In three days," whispered the Cardinal to him, "she takes the perpetual vows. At the end of the service, it is possible that the Abbess may give you permission—certainly I could obtain it—and you could meet. It may be that God does not mean this peace for her—I cannot tell; it may be that He means no earthly peace to come to her, it may be that He has ripened your love for her—I cannot tell. I am an old man, my son, and I wish to do justly."

Symonds pressed the old man's hand. "I could give her nothing better than this," he said sadly, as he looked upon her face.

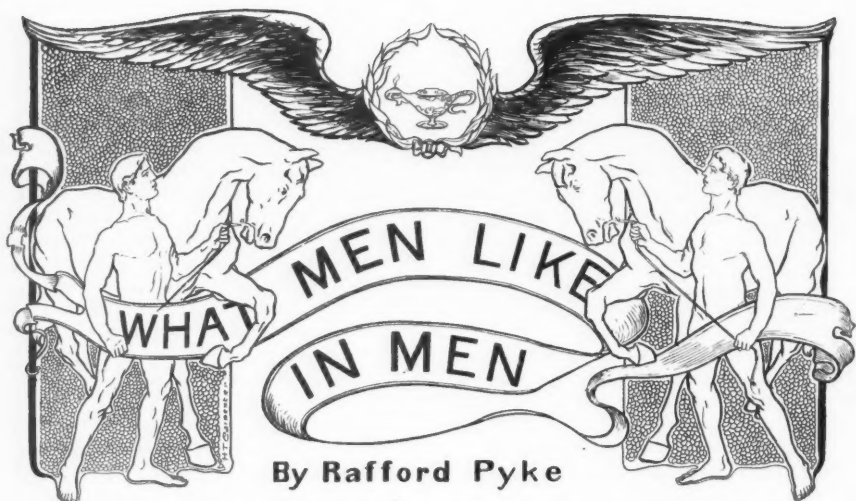
Presently all bent to receive the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and then the priest departed, and one by one the nuns stole softly out of the church.

With a like black-garbed sister, she came down the aisle, her eyes still raised to the smiling Mother and the gracious Child, her lips still murmuring, "Da robur, fer auxilium"; her hands softly at rest against her breast. She passed them, looking still at the peaceful Mary and her merciful Son.

Symonds remained kneeling, still clasping the Cardinal's hand.

"O little girl, little girl!" he moaned in his heart, but outwardly he made no sign.

Even so, the loved one sometimes passes us, unknowing.



By Rafford Pyke

IF you were to ask the average man to tell you offhand just what qualities he likes in other men, he would probably boggle a good deal over his answer. His first impulse would be to say, "Oh, I don't know!" which is with men a convenient formula for avoiding thought upon unexpected or (to them) uninteresting topics. A little later, after turning the matter over in his mind, he would give you a catalogue of qualities to which he would be willing to swear. His list, however, would bear a strong resemblance to the "hundred-best-book" lists made by persons who sincerely believe that they are expressing their own literary preferences, but who are actually indulging in a bit of intellectual pose. Just as these individuals mention the books which they feel they ought to enjoy reading rather than those which they really read, so the average man will name a number of qualities which he thinks he likes, rather than those which in his heart of hearts he actually does like.

In the case of one who tries to enumerate the characteristics which he admires in other men, this sort of answer is not insincere. Although it is defective, and essentially untrue, the man himself is quite unconscious of the fact. The inaccuracy of his answer really comes from his inability

to analyze his own preferences. The typical man is curiously deficient in a capacity for self-analysis. He seldom devotes any serious thought to the origin of his opinions, the determining factor in his judgments, the ultimate source of his desires, or the hidden mainspring of his motives. In all that relates to the external and material world he observes shrewdly, reasons logically, and acts effectively; but question him as to the phenomena of the inner world—the world of his own Ego—and he is dazed and helpless. This he never bothers his head about, and when you interrogate him closely and do not let him put you off with easy generalities, he will become confused and at last contemptuous, if not actually angry. He will begin to suspect that you are just a little "queer"; and if he knows you well enough to be quite frank with you, he will stigmatize your psychological inquiries as "rot."

This unwillingness and inability of the average man to look into his own intellectual and emotional processes is at once a source of strength to him and a serious element of weakness. It is a source of strength, because it leaves him free to smash his way through life precisely as a mastodon would smash his way through a



prehistoric jungle. He has no small misgivings, no hesitations, no distrust of self. Every question seems quite clear to him; and in his simple view of it, the right is always found to lie upon one particular side. When, therefore, he has taken sides, he has possessed his soul of a strenuous assurance that everything which bars his way is wrong and hence is to be dealt with rigorously. This notion the average man carries into every interest and occupation of his life,—into business, into politics, into social relations, and into religion. His side is always the right side; the other side is always the wrong side. What he believes and says and does is not only defensible, but unassailable. What those who are opposed to him believe and say and do is unworthy of respect or even of consideration. This is the very essence of Philistinism, and most men of our race are rank Philistines; yet in the actual business of life their Philistinism is a wonderful source of strength. It enables them, as the popular phrase expresses it, to "get there."

Moreover, the analytical faculty is, in sober truth, a dangerous possession unless it be allied with steady nerves, strong common sense, and a healthy strain of animality. Introspection, as an intellectual habit, is full of peril. Its self-questioning, if indulged too far, breeds endless doubt. It is a foe to swift decision and to vigorous action. By exalting the critical faculty at the expense of the creative, it causes intellectual sterility. Unless checked and balanced by the other attributes which I have mentioned, it taints the spirit with morbidity, and may even wreck the mind. I have often wondered how d'Annunzio, for example, could have written certain of the chapters in his *Trionfo della Morte* and still have kept his reason; for in setting down that searching, terrifying study of an insanity sown in atavism and germinating in debauchery, d'Annunzio must for the time have let his own intellect approach the very brink of madness in order to gaze down into those appalling depths. It was a passion for intense analysis that in the end drove Guy de Maupassant into a madhouse. It was the same passion for intense analysis which dragged down the soaring spirit of Nietzsche from the heavens

of daring speculation and laid a chilling leprous finger on his glowing mind, until his rhythmic bursts of an almost inspired eloquence shrilled away into the drivel of a maniac's unheeded gibbering. Then there is that most minutely analytical of living Anglo-Saxon writers, Mr. Henry James, whose earlier books showed so delicate a psychology combined with humor and other sane and saving qualities. He gradually came to give an ever-widening space to introspection, turning his eyes forever inward, until his humor died away and his themes grew more and more unwholesome; so that now his writings exhibit all the stigmata of degeneracy; and his latest book, "The Sacred Fount," is, I am free to say, not so much erratic as parietic.

Yet while self-analysis and personal psychology in general may have elements of danger, a total lack of them gives to man as a sex a sort of *Dummheit* which is sometimes ludicrous and sometimes irritating. So when you ask a man just what it is that he most likes in other men you find him utterly unable to give you any satisfactory reply. If you ask a woman what she likes in women, she will not tell you either; that is to say, she will not tell you according to the precise form of your question. Yet she will have a ready answer, even though she gives it to you as she does other things, by indirection. She will not tell you what she likes; but instead will begin to catalogue the things that she dislikes, and thus will leave you, by a process of elimination, to discover what it is she likes. Perhaps, after all, this feminine method is not a bad one, and therefore it may be here applied in the case of men; for it will clear the ground a little if we first discover what it is that men dislike in men.

I suppose that every man who *is* a man would readily agree that he dislikes a "Sissy"; but it is doubtful whether most persons could give off-hand a really comprehensive definition of what a Sissy really is. Several months ago, a Massachusetts paper published some random speculations upon Sissyism; and other periodicals took up the subject and tried to get their readers and correspondents to pursue it further; but somehow or other the topic was soon dropped. Probably nine-tenths of those

who were invited to take part in the discussion thought that Sissyism was too elementary a theme for them to waste their time upon; while the remaining tenth, being more enlightened, felt that it was too profound for casual comment.

The subject of Sissyism is really very interesting,—first because there are so many Sissies in the world, and in the second place because only a very small number of them are usually recognized as being such. Hence it may be worth while to give a little space to Sissyism here and to regard it in a scientific spirit, since, negatively at least, it has a definite bearing upon the subject of this paper.

Most persons when they think of Sissies, have a mental picture before them which is easily described. A slender, youthful figure, smooth-faced, a little vacuous in the expression of the countenance, with light hair and rather pale blue eyes a little wide apart; a voice not necessarily weak, but lacking *timbre*, resonance, carrying-power. The mouth is wavery and the lips are imperfectly closed. The chin tapers away a little. The shoulders slope, not with that peculiar slope and droop which often accompany great physical strength, as shown in the famous statue of the Farnese Hercules, but slanting straight down, so that unless they are scientifically padded by the Sissy's tailor, they scarcely give you the effect of being shoulders. The neck is usually long, and the *pomum Adami* or Adam's apple is very likely to be noticeable. The hands and feet are often large; or if not large, not very well compacted and put together, but giving one a general feeling that they are more or less imperfect. Such are the main physical attributes of one particular kind of Sissy. In other respects his traits may easily be sketched and recognized. He is polite and rather anxious to please. He wishes always to do the thing which happens to be the proper thing at any given time. He never would think of initiating anything novel or starting out in a new and unexpected course. He likes very much to be with ladies, and ladies like him—in a way. He is a most useful creature and absolutely harmless, intended by Providence to carry wraps and rugs, to order carriages, to provide theater-tickets, flowers, bon-bons, opera-boxes and four-in-

hands, according to his means and the position which he holds. He will call regularly upon a girl and in fact upon all the girls he knows, and he will keep it up for years, and it will never mean anything to him or to them, for he is essentially a tame cat. He always calls them by their first names with "Miss" prefixed—"Miss Bessie," "Miss Clara," and so on; and I think that this little thing is the most certain single mark of the Sissy that I know. He is really an indispensable person in our modern life; for it is desirable that young women should have some male creature about them to fetch and carry,—one who will do it all for the mere pleasure of the service, and who will never agitate them and disquiet them or make them feel it necessary to be on their guard. The best picture of this especial type of Sissy, perhaps a little bit idealized, is that which is drawn by Henry James in his delicious story, "An International Episode." Turn to its pages and you will find there a sublimated portrait of a Sissy, in the character who bears the subtly felicitous and expressive name of Willie Woodley.

But the Sissy of this sort is of no particular interest to philosophical students of human life. He is merely a somewhat effeminate young person who does not count. Men laugh at him, perhaps; yet he is not of sufficient consequence to be actively disliked. The true Sissy, who has never yet been classified as such, is the man of any age or any external appearance who for certain psychical reasons always inspires you with a vague yet insurmountable feeling of *malaise*. He need not be a physical weakling at all. The most perfect specimen of this type that I have ever seen was a man over six feet in height, of powerful build, and with the torso of a gladiator. When you first saw him you said to yourself, "Here is a man!" Yet he was a Sissy all the same. Nature had merely mocked him in giving him a presence such as his. Back of his thews and sinews, back of his broad chest and massive head, there dwelt a Sissy-soul, and every man and woman who came to know him felt it by an unerring instinct. I never encountered so striking an illustration of the relative importance of mind and body. When he spoke, he uttered nothing but inanities.

When he laughed, the sound concealed a giggle. When he was angry, he scolded like a peevish woman. When he was hurt, he whined. When he was pleased, he simpered. Whatever he did or said or thought, he was always flat. This kind of Sissy is the kind that men dislike—and women too; and the reason for it when you get down to the last analysis, is that in everything he is somehow incomplete. He tries to do as others do, and yet he never rings quite true. With men he endeavors to assume an air of manliness, and they laugh at him or else avoid him. He is always groping for something that he never finds. With women he endeavors to ingratiate himself, and they resent it. He is chicken-hearted, cold, and fearful. He would like to be considered dangerous—a rake, a man of the world, a *gaillard*, a *vieux*—and when he nerves himself up to some piece of petty vice, he runs about and cackles over it, though all the while he quakes internally lest the wrong persons should ever hear of it. He has no daring, but he ventures on all sorts of odious little familiarities—the furtive squeezing of hands, the pressure of arms, the ogling and leering which he considers safe and yet conducive to a reputation for gallantry. He is of the class of the street masher, only with him it all means nothing, for his blood is water. How women hate him! They will always, in their heart of hearts, pardon a man who is impetuously overbold, even though they ever after shut him from their presence; but a Sissy with his flabby, feeble, mawkish imitation of an ardor which he never felt, affects them with a sort of moral nausea. Nothing that he tries to be can he succeed in being. He tries to be witty and is only flat; he tries to be profound and is only platitudinous; he tries to be jovial and he is only vulgar; he tries to be daring and is only impudent; he tries to be ardent and is only offensive. As I said before, he represents a certain intellectual and spiritual incompleteness, in the presence of which the normal man experiences a most intense repulsion.

The traits in which this type of Sissy is most lacking are the traits which men most like in men. And yet this is a very negative description. Moreover we must distinguish between the man who is merely

“popular” with others, and the man who is really liked, the man to whom other men will go not only in their jovial moods but in their serious ones as well, the man for whom they will make sacrifices and of whose friendship they are really proud. Many a man with easy manners, with a reckless, careless, hearty air, is popular. He has the gift of picking up acquaintances at every turn, of entertaining them, of making himself known as a “good fellow.” Yet all this sort of thing is superficial. Deep down there must be something more fundamental in order that a man may grasp and hold the hearts of other men. These vital attributes are few in number, and with the exception of just one they do not need much more than a mere mention.

First of all, a man must be what other men call “square”—which implies that he must have a sense of honor. This means so much in the relations of men with men. From women they do not expect it, at least in the fullest sense,—a man’s sense; but it is the very corner-stone of friendship among men. For it does not mean that one must be merely true to his friends, but, in a sense, to those who are not his friends, who are even, possibly, his enemies. Fair play and the rigor of the game is a masculine ideal; and men will trust and like and honor those who live up to its strict requirements. The foundation of it all is justice—the most masculine of virtues, and the only one in which no woman ever had a share. Some women have been generous, and many have been brave and wise and self-denying, but there has never lived a woman who was absolutely just. Justice, even-handed, clear-eyed, supreme over prejudice and passion—this is God’s gift to man alone, and man alone can feel how splendid and sublime a thing it is.

Allied to it is reasonableness, another virtue that appeals to men when found in other men. It involves a number of related qualities, and most of all a sense of humor which throws a clear light of its own upon so many difficulties, and sets things in their true proportions, and shows how small the small things really are. Reasonableness is the lubricant of life, as the lack of it is the irritant. No other virtue can quite compensate for the absence of this reasonableness; and he who has the quality

is one to whom all men will be drawn as by a magnet.

Then there is courage, without which man is not a man; and generosity, which really is an element of reasonableness; and with these, modesty, which, while it quietly conceals the other traits, does in the end enhance their value and increase the charm which they possess. And dignity, which many would not name or think of, is a most important element in the character of the man whom other men most like. For dignity is not to be confounded with its counterfeits—with stiffness or pomposity, or even with reserve. It is the touch of self-respect which exists in every fine character and which is never consciously assertive but which even the most careless spirit can feel and recognize. No really great man ever lacked it; and no human being ever felt it to be other than a claim upon his liking. For it means that somewhere there exists a barrier which none can pass, a barrier which shuts the way to the sanctuary of a human soul. And men respect this, and without respect there is no liking that endures.

The last of all the qualities which men like most in men is one of which but few are conscious even when they feel its influence. We have seen that men dislike effeminacy. They do. Yet in the nature

of men whom other men like best there is always to be traced a touch of something that is feminine. It is like a thread of silver woven in some useful fabric, gleaming amid the plain, strong texture of the web, not very noticeable and yet imparting just a hint of beauty to the whole. This feminine quality in man gives fineness to the character. Intellectually it means intuition, sensitiveness to all impressions, and the imaginative element which illumines the dark places of the mind and shows the way to great achievement. Temperamentally it denotes gentleness, and the tenderness which is the perfect complement of strength. It is to men who have this last and finest gift, that other men, since history began, have given not alone their liking but their service, their devotion, and their very lives.

What then is the conclusion? Men like in men these traits: the honor that ennoble; the justice that insures the right; the reasonableness that mellows and makes plain; the courage that proclaims virility; the generous instinct that disdains all meanness; the modesty that makes no boast; the dignity that wins respect; the fineness and the tenderness that know and feel. But when one thinks of it more carefully, may he not sum it up in just a single sentence, and accept it as the truth, that all men like a gentleman?

## DAWN.

BY BLANCHE TRENNOR HEATH.

THROUGH the long watches of the starless night  
Battled the tempest, till the daybreak came  
And smote his shadows, with her lance of light,  
To rosy-tinted flame.

And straight the dream-born terrors, vague and strange,  
That through the dark, sweet slumber's gate had stormed,  
Touched by the light shone forth with radiant change,  
Fears into hopes transformed!



## CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

### PART IV.

THE industrial changes which have of late been occurring with such rapidity have the widest possible interest for all classes, from the standpoint of the producer and from that of the consumer. It has, therefore, been determined to present in THE COSMOPOLITAN brief sketches of all the leading Captains of Industry now before the public in connection with the larger interests of production, transportation and finance.

A knowledge of these men, their derivation, their leading characteristics, weaknesses and abilities, will throw much light upon the news of the day in which their names constantly recur. The list of the most prominent includes more than forty names. This number may possibly be increased to sixty or seventy. In all cases it will be the effort of THE COSMOPOLITAN to secure capable treatment by writers having special knowledge, comprehension of the scope of their subject's affairs, and a grasp of the characteristics which have counted for their upbuilding. From twenty to thirty pages of THE COSMOPOLITAN will be devoted each month to this work until the task shall be completed. We believe it will be found that no more interesting series has ever been presented in the pages of this magazine.

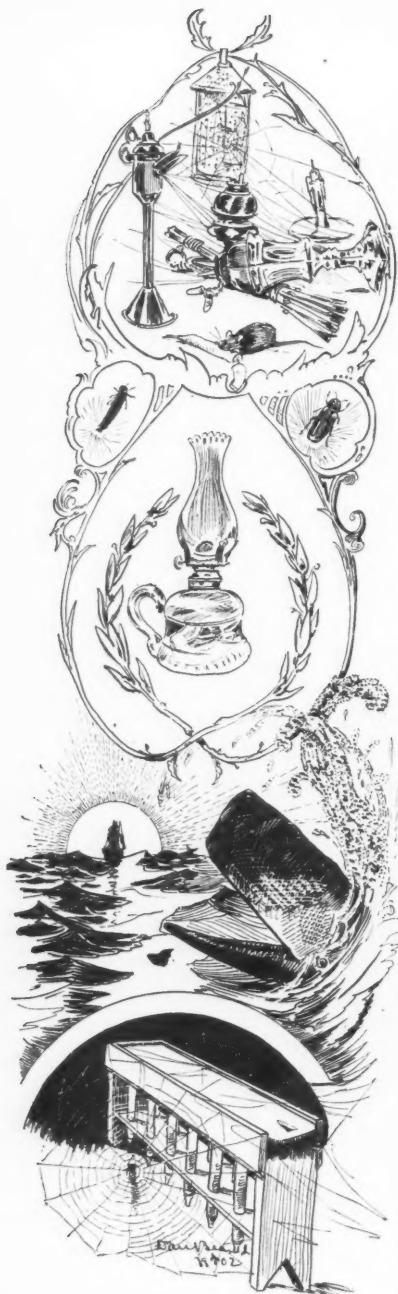
In Parts I, II and III were published studies of J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas A. Edison, John Wanamaker, Charles H. Cramp, John W. Mackay, Alexander Graham Bell, James Gordon Bennett, W. R. Hearst, Joseph Pulitzer, Albert A. Pope, Marcus A. Hanna, Claus Spreckels, John D. Rockefeller, James B. Haggin, George Westinghouse, James J. Hill, Marshall Field, Charles M. Schwab, D. O. Mills, Charles Frohman, Andrew Carnegie and John A. McCall.

### WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

STAT nominis umbra. With a greater fortune than any man in America, or perhaps in the world, possessed thirty years ago, with a masterful capacity for business, and with a hand in all the colossal developments of twentieth-century American enterprise, William Rockefeller is little known to the public because the popular imagination, which can contain but one thing of a kind at a time, is filled by the overshadowing figure of his brother. If there were no John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller would stand out as one of the Titans of modern finance.

Like all his associates, the president of the Standard Oil Company of New York had the training of an American boy of the people. He was born sixty-one years ago in Tioga County, New York, and is supposed to have been educated in the Owego Academy and the public schools of Cleveland. As a matter of fact, he merely got the tools there with which he hammered out his real education for himself. At seventeen he was keeping books for a miller, and by the time he was qualified to cast his first vote he had worked his way into a partnership in another firm.



Three years later, in 1864, the Cleveland City Directory had an opportunity for the first time to notice the existence of the modest little establishment of William Rockefeller & Co., composed of William and John D. Rockefeller and Samuel Andrews. These three young men were embarking in the oil business—an industry in which John D. Rockefeller and Andrews had already had some experience. They built a refinery and called it the Standard Oil Works. No portents were visible in the sky when that tremendous name went up on their sign. Standard Oil meant no more than Excelsior Oil, a title under which a refinery had already been operated by Andrews and the elder Rockefeller.

In 1865 the business had so far expanded that it needed an Eastern manager to market its products, and William Rockefeller came to New York for that purpose. He founded the firm of Rockefeller & Co. to handle the oil turned out by the two Cleveland refineries. Within two years there was another change: the three allied firms were dissolved, and their place was taken by the firm of Rockefeller, Andrews and Flagler, of Cleveland and New York. William Rockefeller remained in control of the New York end of the business. In 1870 the partnership was succeeded by a corporation—the Standard Oil Company of Ohio—with a capital of no less than one million dollars. The country boys from Tioga and Cleveland were growing. William Rockefeller was called vice-president of the Standard Oil Company now, but his duties were the same as ever—to stay in New York, market the products of the Ohio refineries, and attend to any financing required by the enlarged scale of the business. He has stayed with this work ever since. When the Standard Oil trust was formed in 1882, the Standard Oil Company of New York was organized under his presidency to handle its Eastern business. At the same time, he became vice-president of the trust.

Thus associated with the work of the gigantic oil monopoly from its inception, William Rockefeller knows as much about its affairs as any man living. He is noted among his associates and subordinates for his perfect mastery of all the details of the operation of the company, his clear and



sound judgment, and his keen critical faculty. He is not a physical weakling, like his formidable brother. The steam that drives his mental machinery comes from a capacious material boiler. His physique is of the robust J. Pierpont Morgan type. He is an enthusiastic horseman, and a lover of the fields and woods. But, like all the Rockefellers, he is devoutly religious and moral. He has only one vice—he plays the violin. Aside from that, he is exemplary in his private relations. The gray squirrels that scamper over his great park at Tarrytown know him as a friend, and if you are curious to see the volcano of his wrath in eruption, just begin to persecute his little protégés.

The mention of the Tarrytown estate recalls the fact that to most people Mr. Rockefeller is known chiefly through his persistent and finally successful effort to scale down the taxes levied on that property. According to the sympathies

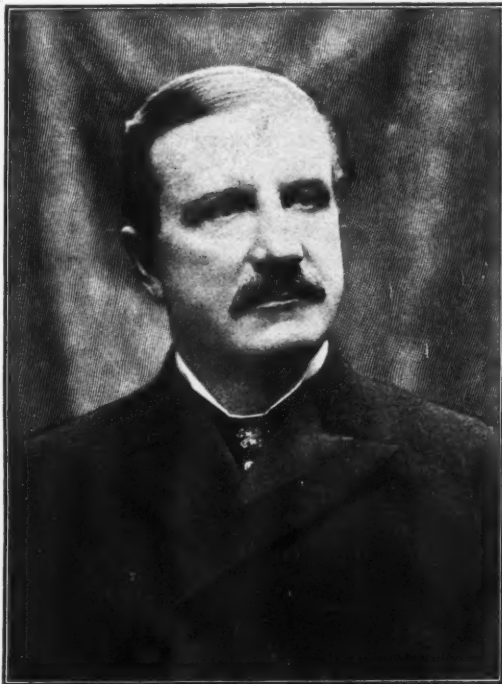
of the individual, he has been regarded as a selfish tax-dodger or as the champion of justice against the unscrupulous impositions of local assessors. Neither of these views expresses the exact truth. Mr. Rockefeller bought the old Aspinwall place on the Hudson in 1887 for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At large expense, he made it one of the sights of America. He turned the grounds into an exquisite park, freely open to the public. He built a fine mansion and superb conservatories,

stocked with the rarest plants. All these things took money—millions of it. The assessors saw the outlays, and in the spirit of our enlightened American laws, they said, "Here is something to tax." Accordingly they raised the assessment on the place to \$1,100,000 in 1896 and \$2,189,555 in 1897, or one-fourth of the total valuation of the town.

Mr. Rockefeller took his stand on the question of market value. He knew that a country estate would never sell for the

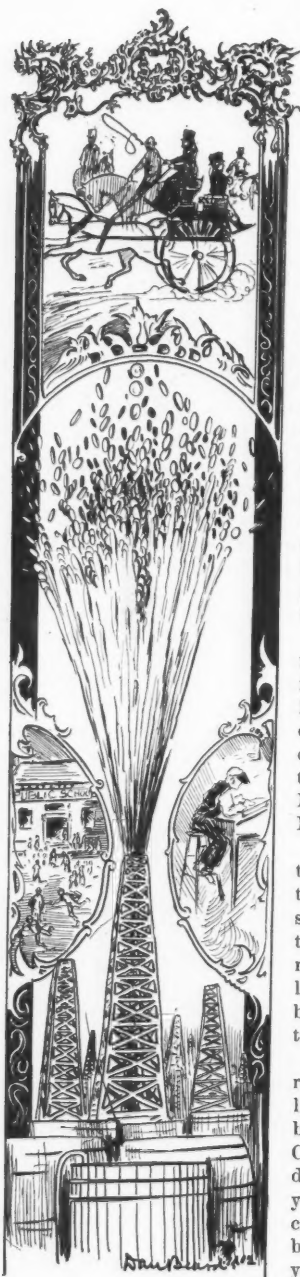
amount spent on it, and he held that he ought to be taxed only on the sum his property would bring at a sale. The courts sustained this view and cut down his assessment to \$343,775.

That was the technical issue. But the real issue was deeper, although none of the parties may have realized it. Mr. Rockefeller may have thought he was fighting an unjust application of the law by a prejudiced assessor, but his real grievance



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER.

was in the law itself. He felt, unconsciously perhaps, the injustice of fining a man for improving his property. He was a single-taxer without knowing it. He had spent his money in making his estate an ornament to the town, and his reward was to have his assessment multiplied by nearly fifteen. That is in strict accordance with the theory of our tax laws, but the essential iniquity of such a system is appreciated, even by those who think they believe in it, when it comes home to themselves. Under the



single tax on the rental value of bare land, without regard to improvements, there would have been no dispute between William Rockefeller and the Tarrytown assessors. Mr. Rockefeller would have had to pay a fair price for the privilege of occupation granted to him by the community, but he would not have been fined one hundred and twenty-five dollars a day for creating and maintaining a beautiful public park instead of leaving his holding a wilderness.

The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1899 made William Rockefeller the central figure in the most gigantic amalgamation of interests the world had known up to that time. He was elected to fill Mr. Vanderbilt's place on the board of directors of the New York Central Railroad, and this election was accepted as the seal of a Rockefeller-Vanderbilt alliance. The capital brought together in this combination amounted to not less than a billion dollars. The "Vanderbilt roads" already included over twenty-six thousand miles of track, or, with the Southern Pacific system, over thirty-three thousand. The Rockefellers were interested in many other lines. It was not an unreasonable assumption that the allies would be able to rule fifty thousand miles of railroad, or one-fourth of the entire mileage of the United States. Moreover, they controlled an even greater proportion of the modern, profitable lines than of the total mileage.

This community of interest has made steady progress in the past three years. In 1900 William Rockefeller was elected a director of the Lincoln National Bank, a Vanderbilt institution. After the settlement of the great Northern Pacific fight last year, he became one of Mr. Morgan's "harmony board" of directors of that road. He has just been chosen a director of the New York and Harlem Railroad, which is part of the New York Central system.

Mr. Rockefeller was charged or credited, according to the way you look at it, with the responsibility for the gas war which gave New Yorkers about a year of sixty-five-cent gas. While his motives in beginning this contest were not strictly philanthropic, the community had reason to thank him for it as long as it lasted, and it furnished a store of experience that will be useful as long as gas rates remain a subject of controversy.

William Rockefeller has the family reverence for religion, and the Baptist churches that he attends have little occasion to worry over the problem of making both ends meet. The pastor of the First Baptist Church at Tarrytown lives in a twenty-five-thousand-dollar parsonage leased from Mr. Rockefeller for ten years at a rental of a dollar a year. His gifts to education have not been so lavish as those of his elder brother, but Wellesley College was embarrassed two years ago by the offer of one hundred thousand dollars,

which some of its managers had conscientious scruples about accepting. They thought it wrong for young women to be educated by Standard Oil, although at Vassar a good many hundreds owe their education to beer. But eventually Wellesley decided that, whatever might be thought about oil, there was nothing wrong about one hundred thousand dollars, and it took the money. Yale had no such embarrassment when Mr. Rockefeller offered it the use of a tract of land in the Adirondacks for a forestry school.

A reference to the Adirondacks suggests the great game and forest preserve in that region whose creation has formed one of the keenest interests of Mr. Rockefeller's recent years. It was begun in 1898 by the purchase of twenty-five thousand acres near Paul Smith's, and the next year sixteen thousand seven hundred acres were added in one tract. Other purchases have followed, and the reservation is now so extensive and so well situated that it is doing much of the state's work in the way of preserving timber.

It is a comfort to Mr. Rockefeller to know that if the bottom should drop out of the oil business he could make an honest living as a farmer. He takes a modest pride in the prizes he has won for his peaches and strawberries from his place at Tarrytown, New York. But it is not likely that he will ever have to depend upon agriculture for a livelihood. He has taken hostages from fortune in so many directions that the Standard Oil Company and a dozen other giant Rockefeller corporations might collapse without reducing him to poverty.

#### CHARLES TYSON YERKES.

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

YOU would not think of associating anything of the Quaker with Charles T. Yerkes, art-connoisseur, man of the world, cool, daring financial operator, and yet he started life in meeting. His father was a Quaker and the boy went to a Quaker school in a little drab suit. What he learned there is uncertain. It was certainly not a Friends' lesson of meekness and non-resistance, but perhaps those quiet school-days may deserve the credit for some of the cool serenity that has carried the boy safely through every later shock of fortune.

No millionaire can feel that he had a proper start in life unless he began his business career by working as an office-boy. Mr. Yerkes had this experience, but in his case it was rather a matter of training than of hard necessity. He worked the first year for nothing, but at the end of that time his employers formally complimented him on





his efficiency and gave him a little leather bag containing the dizzy fortune of fifty dollars in gold. The boy lay awake all that night planning business enterprises for the investment of his wealth, but in the end he put his money away and worked for two years longer. Then the death of an uncle gave him a little capital and he opened a stock-broker's office; and three years later, bought an interest in a bank. He was now twenty-four years old, and from his window he could see regiments of young fellows like himself marching gaily by on the way to Bull Run. Perhaps it was his Quaker training that kept him from joining them, but at any rate his aversion to war did not extend to the financial end of it. The credit of Philadelphia was suffering, but young Yerkes found ways of bracing it up and selling city bonds at par with incidental profit to himself. He prospered, and in a few years rated himself a millionaire.

But his association with public officials led to his downfall. The City Treasurer of Philadelphia was one of his customers. When Yerkes failed, soon after the Chicago fire—a mere incident, which to a man like him would ordinarily mean nothing more than a momentary inconvenience—it was found that some city funds had been swept away with the rest. Yerkes was arrested and prosecuted. His own explanation of the trouble is that he was punished because he refused to give the city preference over other creditors. His offense was officially described as misappropriation of public funds, and on this charge he was convicted and sentenced to two years and nine months' imprisonment. He served for seven months in the penitentiary, when he was pardoned. He demanded a public hearing on other charges hanging over him and was acquitted, and the City Councils passed an ordinance relieving him of all claims for indebtedness. With his record cleared up, he turned his back upon Philadelphia and everything in it, and went West, at the age of thirty-six, to begin a new life.

Most men in his position would have been crushed under the burden. Mr. Yerkes, as always, took the bold course. When he went to a new town, he frankly told his history to the newspapers, concealing nothing. Having no secrets, he was in nobody's power, and the result was that a calamity that would have ruined the life of an ordinary man left him substantially unharmed. Within fifteen years from the day he left Philadelphia he was the ruler of the street-railroad system of Chicago.

At last he had found his vocation. He had dallied with street-cars to some extent before. As early as 1859, when he was only twenty-two years old, he and others had bought the

Seventeenth and Nineteenth Streets line in Philadelphia, and made it for its day a first-class road. In 1875, he achieved a great success with the Continental line in Philadelphia, and later he made some money in franchises in Fargo, North Dakota. But his debut as a street-railroad king was made in 1886, when he organized a syndicate with one million five hundred thousand dollars capital and bought the North Side, and afterward the West Side, railroads of Chicago. He captured the two tunnels under the river and turned his horse-railroads into cable systems. He extended his lines in every direction until, within a dozen years, he controlled over five hundred miles of track, and Chicago lay like a conquered city at his feet.

But then he met his match. Young Carter Harrison became Mayor of Chicago, and his platform was public control of public franchises. The franchises of

most of the Chicago roads were about to expire; at least, so the people and Mayor Harrison said, although Mr. Yerkes insisted that they were good until 1957. Just to make things sure, the railroads asked the legislature to pass a little bill—the Humphrey bill—extending the franchises for another half-century. There had never been any trouble about such matters before, but now a new spirit was abroad. Mayor Harrison headed an insurrection. Chicago rose. The leading citizens, the Civic Federation,

the newspapers and the ministers moved upon Springfield. In a panic, the legislature killed the Humphrey bill by a vote of more than four to one in the House. Mr. Yerkes sarcastically congratulated "the Socialistic element of this city and also the Anarchistic element, which is now working from the top instead of from the bottom as it did eight years ago."

But he could not realize that he was beaten. It needed more than one defeat

to convince him that there were moral forces with which he could not contend. He bought a newspaper organ, that the fight might not be entirely inarticulate on his side, and while Chicago was celebrating her victory, he put through the Allen bill, which gave the power of extending franchises for fifty years to the City Council. It was understood that a majority of the Council had already been secured, and a

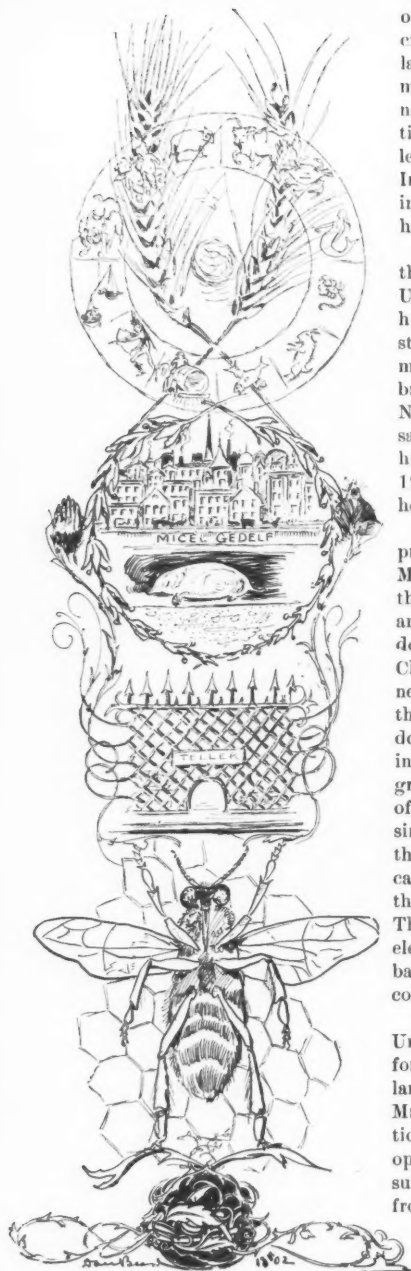


CHARLES TYSON YERKES.

million dollars was mentioned as the argument that had convinced them that the public interest would be subserved by the gift of thirty million dollars' worth of street privileges to the Yerkes syndicate.

But now Chicago rose again. Mayor Harrison mobilized the forces of public opinion. The batteries of the press and the pulpit were unlimbered. Mass-meetings were held at which sentiments were expressed not often heard outside of the Southern lynching belt. The sessions





of the Council were invaded by threatening crowds, and substantial citizens wore on their lapels neat little decorations in the form of miniature coils of rope, suitable for aldermanic necks. The "Anarchists" won again, and this time Mr. Yerkes not only recognized defeat but left the battle-field in the possession of the victors. In that same year, he sold out half of his surface interests in Chicago, and within two years he had disposed of the rest.

In May, 1899, Mr. Yerkes transferred to the Whitney-Widener-Elkins syndicate, alias the Union Traction Company, the control of two hundred and ninety-seven miles of Chicago street-railroads, retaining two hundred and forty miles for himself. It is said that this first sale brought him ten million dollars in cash. In November of the same year he made another sale to the same purchasers for three million five hundred thousand dollars; and in February, 1901, he disposed of the rest of his Chicago holdings for six million dollars.

His retreat from Chicago was merely a prelude to an onslaught on London. In 1900, Mr. Yerkes moved upon the British capital in the van of the American invaders. He bought an underground franchise for half a million dollars, and promptly began burrowing under Charing Cross, Euston and Hampstead.\* The next year he secured a controlling interest in the Metropolitan District Railroad for ten million dollars. This company, with another remaining in British hands, substantially commanded underground transportation in London. The lines of the two companies had to be operated as a single system, and the question was whether that system should be run on English or American methods. Mr. Yerkes proposed to equip the lines with electricity on the Chicago model. The Englishmen insisted on the adoption of an electrical system imported from Hungary. The battle raged for months before a Parliamentary committee, and Yerkes won.

In April of this year, a new company—the Underground Electric Railways Company—was formed, with a capital of twenty-five million dollars, to handle all the Yerkes lines in London. Mr. Yerkes is said to be at the head of the corporation, with an English board of directors. English opposition seems to have been pretty effectively subdued, and the only trouble in sight now comes from a rival American syndicate headed by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Thus far the new assailants do not appear to have made much impression upon the Yerkes intrenchments.



It must be evident by this time that Charles Tyson Yerkes is a man with a hobby. The adoration that some people give to religion, some to art, and some to women, he gives to street-railroads. The sentiment with which he regards a trolley-car is like that with which the lamented William Beazeley, in Mark Twain's story of the Horace Greeley letter, regarded turnips. "He could not think of the turnip without emotion; he could not speak of it calmly; he could not contemplate it without exaltation. He could not eat it without shedding tears. All the poetry in his sensitive nature was in sympathy with the gracious vegetable."

Mr. Yerkes is an idealist, and he has explained what his ideal is. It is to see a great city seamed with trolley-lines in every direction, all under a single management, all equipped with the latest devices for efficiency and economy, with a system of universal transfers, enabling a happy and contented populace to travel anywhere for a single fare, while showering blessings upon the benevolent autocrat to whom the boon is due. This is the iridescent dream that has floated always in his imagination. If he tell somewhat short of realizing it in Chicago, the blame must be laid, in his opinion, on the perversity of the community that interfered with his plans.

Indeed, his mental attitude with regard to the relations between the public and railroad corporations is very curious. Most people believe that for many years he was engaged in a shameless spoliation of Chicago. His own idea is entirely different. He looks upon himself as the injured party. He describes the American municipalities as "sandbaggers." He says that he has often been held up on a lonely prairie at the point of a competing franchise and compelled to let the authorities go through his pockets. His idea is that the corporation that gives to the people of a city better transportation facilities than they had before its advent is a public benefactor, and that any profits it may make in the operation ought not to be grudged. It does not occur to him that the citizens might have obtained the same benefits through another corporation or through their own efforts, on better terms.

If Mr. Yerkes is Hyde to some people in business hours, he is Jekyll outside. He finds no difficulty in keeping the two characters distinct. He will not talk business at home or home affairs at his office. When he still regarded himself as a resident of Chicago, he built on Fifth Avenue in New York what is said to be one of the three most magnificent private houses in America, and he explained that he did it because he wanted a place where he could get away from business and enjoy himself. He has made himself an authority on pictures, and he is continually adding to his superb collection. He built and presented to the University of Chicago the largest telescope in the



most perfectly equipped observatory in the world. He is a lavish contributor to charities, and a home for poor boys on Lake Michigan, with a trade-school attached, commemorates the brighter side of his residence in Chicago.

In his business dealings, one side has been seen by the public and another by his employees. The two have produced very different impressions. A trolley conductor or motorman is not usually considered an emotional being, but when the employees of the Chicago street-railroads were called together in 1899 to bid farewell to their departing chief, some of them wept. In his parting address to them, Mr. Yerkes said that in the thirteen years in which they had worked together there had never been a single case of disloyalty. There must be some good qualities in a man who can infuse such a spirit into his subordinates. It may be remembered that in the fourteen years during which Hannibal was fighting for life in Italy he never had to deal with a mutiny in his motley, mercenary army. Probably the aspects in which he appeared to the Romans and to his own troops were as different as those in which Mr. Yerkes appeared to the people of Chicago and to his own employees.

Some men are speculators by choice, some organizers and some wreckers. Mr. Yerkes has explained that his forte has been "to take hold of street-railway properties that were either run down or in their

infancy, and build them up." That has been the absorbing interest of his life, and he seems to have thought as little of the money to be made by his operations as a champion golf-player thinks of the value of the prize he will capture if he wins the game.

Middle-aged men who feel despondently that the dead-line is drawn at forty, ought to be encouraged by the opinions of this white-haired fighter who is undertaking to conquer London at sixty-five. "Young men are in their apprenticeship," he says, "till the age of forty. At that age they begin to see the mistakes they have made, and the next ten years form the crucial period of a man's career. Success that comes when a young man is still in his twenties and thirties is due more to good luck than to good management. The fact that I lost a million myself entitles me to speak with authority." Mr. Yerkes considers a business man ripe at fifty—not before. It was just at that age, it may be remarked, that he secured control of the street-railroad system of Chicago.

Pallid, dark-eyed, soft-voiced, with white hair and mustache and an air of subdued refinement, the railway autocrat might be taken for a quiet scholar rather than for a graduate of the most strenuous rough-and-tumble school of fighting in the world. That is the Jekyll side. Perhaps the Hyde part may have been buried with the Humphrey and Allen bills in Chicago.

#### HENRY MORRISON FLAGLER.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

IT is given to few men to realize their boyish ambitions. One who feels himself marked out by destiny for a circus-rider sinks into the inglorious life of a bank president. Another sees his aspirations toward the heroic career of a fireman swamped in the sordid practise of the law.

Henry M. Flagler has been more fortunate. It was his youthful hope to keep a hotel, and he has become the greatest hotelkeeper in the world. Incidentally he is one of the rulers of the Standard Oil trust, and carries half a state in his pocket.

Mr. Flagler is a product of that strong soil of central New York that bred David Harum, the Rockefellers, and so many

other virile men. He did not embark on the tide of success in a steam-yacht. He learned to swim by being pitched overboard and left to kick his way ashore. He picked up his education where he could get it, and most of it was not of a sort that a professor would call education at all. It was the kind of training that comes from the friction of life—the schooling whose prize is fortune, and whose penalty for failure is starvation. It is a kind of instruction that is wonderfully effective in bringing out the capacities of some minds. Young Flagler was just the sort of boy to profit by it. An attempt at fourteen to find the pot of gold under the rainbow by way of the Erie

Canal and a lake voyage from Buffalo to Sandusky proving unsuccessful, he tried working in a store in Orleans County, New York. Here he saved enough money to start him in the manufacture of salt at Saginaw, Michigan. He married the daughter of a Michigan lumberman who had some means. His father-in-law happened to meet a poor young man of Cleveland named John D. Rockefeller. This person was sure that there was money in the oil business, in which he had already embarked in a small way. The benevolent father-in-law saw a chance to set his daughter's husband on his feet. He put up a little money for an interest in the Rockefeller business, and the firm of Rockefeller, Andrews and Flagler was born. Later this developed into the Standard Oil Company, which is said to have made more or less money.

At this time there was lively competition in oil-refining and -marketing. The Standard Oil Company did not secure monopoly by the power of an irresistible mass of capital, for practically all its capital was made out of the business. It did not win by virtue of being first on the ground, for the ground was pretty fully occupied when it went to work. It had to fight rivals apparently much stronger than itself. It won by a system of secret alliances with the railroads, by which it secured better

freight rates than were given to its competitors. It obtained rebates on its payments, and not only that, but it secured the extraordinary privilege of taxing its competitors without their knowledge. A certain part of the money they paid to railroads for freight charges was turned over by the roads to the Standard Oil Company. Thus the Rockefeller-Flagler combination was subsidized by the very rivals it was

preparing to crush. Moreover, the general rates were altered in accordance with the situation of the combatants at particular points. When Standard Oil stocks were low and needed to be filled, rates were suddenly put down, to be raised again before competitors could arrange for shipments. Finally, the Standard Oil obtained through the railroads information that enabled it to see all the cards in its opponents' hands, while they had to play in the dark. This extraordinary scheme, which



HENRY MORRISON FLAGLER.

demands respect for its splendid audacity if not for its morality, is said to have been Flagler's contribution to the equipment of the Standard Oil armory. It was worth several thousand times as much as the money with which his father-in-law had bought him his partnership, for it converted a struggling business which might or might not have produced moderate wealth into the most dazzling monopoly

that history has recorded since Pompey broke up the Mediterranean Pirates' Trust.

And still, in all the golden floods that were washing around him from Standard Oil, Mr. Flagler never forgot his boyhood's dream. He still wanted to keep a hotel. But his ambitions had broadened since his early visions at Canandaigua. He would have been satisfied then with a plain little country tavern, where the village oracles could prop their feet on the fender around the office stove and talk about Henry Clay's chances for the presidency. Now he wanted to be among hotelkeepers what the Standard Oil Company was among corporations. He could not be comfortable anywhere but at the top.

He looked about him and he discovered Florida. The United States had then no tropical possessions—no Puerto Rico, no Hawaii, no Tutuila, no Philippines, no Guam. Florida was our nearest approach to a tropical resort. It had the same climate as now, and that climate attracted winter visitors. Mr. Flagler himself had found health in it. But the people who sought the Florida climate had to take it without trimmings. On cold days—and there are such in Florida—the wind whistled bleakly between the boards of crazy wooden hotels. There were no fires in the rooms. "Tin-canners," razor-back pork, and leathery beef from the pathetic little local imitations of cattle stood between the visitors and starvation. The Standard Oil wand was stretched over the sandy peninsula, and the astonished world beheld a miracle. Fairy palaces rose along the low Atlantic coast. From the Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar and the Cordova at St. Augustine, the glittering line pushed southward, through Ormond to Palm Beach and Miami at the lower end of the peninsula; and, not satisfied with that, the Flagler ambition leaped across the water to Nassau, where the Victoria and the Colonial were added to the system. Finally the long string of winter-resorts was supplemented with a summer-resort at Atlantic Beach, near Jacksonville. The Flagler hotels on the mainland are connected by the Florida East Coast Railway, a trunk-line running the entire length of the state, but owned by Mr. Flagler as his private property.

Before the death of Henry Plant, he and Mr. Flagler might have been said to own Florida, holding the west and east in separate proprietorship as Berkeley and Carteret once held New Jersey. Now Flagler is supreme, with nobody to divide his empire. Florida is a Democratic state. There is not a single Republican member in its Legislature. Henry M. Flagler is a Republican. Yet he has more influence on the choice of United States Senators by that Democratic Legislature than the chiefs of the Democratic party. When he wanted the divorce laws of the state changed, the Legislature did him that favor. He is a feudal prince in Florida, and in his wonderful winter-palace of Whitehall, at Palm Beach, he keeps the state of one. By an investment of not less than twenty million dollars, he has created a Riviera more than three hundred miles long. About twenty-five hotels, served by six hundred miles of railroad, are the realization of the dream of the boy who would keep a tavern.

Of course, a principality in Florida and a share in the government of the empire of Standard Oil do not absorb all of Mr. Flagler's energies. The capacity of these oil-men from the David Harum country for business responsibilities is quite inexhaustible. The name of Henry M. Flagler appears in the directorate of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad, the Western Union Telegraph Company, the International Bank Note Company, the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railway, and other corporations not easily numbered. The petroleum gusher is continually demanding new outlets, under penalty of drowning its owners in a freshet of oleaginous wealth.

Part of this wealth is diverted into charitable channels. All the Standard Oil men are liberal givers, although their benefactions are not always so easily traced as John D. Rockefeller's gifts to colleges and universities. One of the stories they tell about Mr. Flagler is that on a recent New Year's day he handed a hundred thousand dollars to the Rev. Doctor Paxton as a little holiday offering for charity, to be applied exactly as the clergyman should see fit. There was only one restriction—the source of the gift was not to be mentioned. Under

such conditions the preparation of a catalogue of the Flagler benefactions would plainly be attended with difficulties.

Of course, the investments in Florida cannot come under that head. They were made for business, and to gratify a personal taste. Certainly nobody who ever paid a bill at the Ponce de Leon or the Hotel Royal Poinciana could regard himself as an object of Mr. Flagler's charity. And yet, if there be any truth in that old observation about the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what must be said of the man who has practically created a state out of a wilderness? The Florida of 1902 is a radically different commonwealth from the Florida of the pre-Flaglerian era. The transformation that has been effected in the three hundred miles between St. Augustine and Miami

leaves in the shade that reclamation of a strip of land from the sea which seemed to Goethe enough to win redemption for Faust. It conveys the impression that sometimes business is better than charity. Imagine charity endowing America with the things that have been created throughout the Union by business under the lead of the Captains of Industry.

Among those Captains, Henry M. Flagler, quiet, unobtrusive, with his low, musical voice, has made a distinctive place. His personal work in Florida has given him an individuality that is lacking to men who allow themselves to be hidden in the anonymity of corporations. He has built himself a massive monument in Woodlawn Cemetery, but it is not there, but in the earthly paradise he has created in the South, that men will look for the record of his work.

#### WILLIAM COLLINS WHITNEY.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

ONE night last winter, the street-railway magnates of the United States ate and drank together at one of the famous dining-places in New York, the occasion being the annual banquet of the American Street Railway Association. There were present at least five hundred chiefs of the street-railway business; and a crowd of greater specific gravity (not to say specie-cific gravity) in the financial world, and of greater daily and nightly velocity in a social way, it would be difficult to find.

At the long table where the speakers and other guests of honor were located, sat the Hon. William C. Whitney. He was there: first, because he wanted to be, and second, because the Metropolitan Street Railway of New York is one of the decorations which he wears

upon his manly breast. Mr. Whitney not only has a manly breast but has a manly figure throughout. He looks so like a typical



WILLIAM COLLINS WHITNEY.

stalwart Scot that one feels like calling him "Sandy." His head in particular has that long "upward and backward" build which characterizes the heads which have enabled Scotland to outwit the rest of the world. As he sat at the banquet table he looked and acted as if he had never known care or anxiety or disappointment or any of the wrinkle-makers that usually put their indelible tattoo on a man by the time he is sixty years of age. He sang the gay songs of the banquet with a stronger and truer

tone than most of the others, and the good stories told by the speakers reached him first and stayed with him longest. He seemed to enjoy the gibes and flings at himself as much



as those at others, and whenever a speaker forgot himself and said a really good thing of a serious nature, Mr. Whitney was the first to start the applause. One speaker explained how President Vreeland of the Metropolitan got his position. He said that one morning Mr. Whitney on his way home from a dinner passed the Metropolitan stables where Vreeland was at work with the horses. When Mr. Whitney saw with what skill Vreeland watered the stock, he immediately selected him for president of the company. Mr. Whitney rose in his seat and started the applause. And so through the banquet he seemed to be the liveliest man of the party. Any uninformed observer watching him would probably have put him down as a jolly, rollicking good fellow, sympathetic, appreciative, impressible, clever and shrewd, but not with a taste for, or familiarity with, the tasks that usually bring bent shoulders, wrinkled cheeks and white hair at an early date. But all these tasks have been his. Though born in 1841, he looks as if he had entered life's race twenty years later. He was born in Conway, Massachusetts (where Marshall Field came from), and his father was General James S. Whitney. He was educated most thoroughly. He graduated from Yale University in 1863 and from the Harvard Law School in 1865. So brilliant was his subsequent career that Yale gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1888. When ready for the practise of the law, he took a running jump, so to speak, and landed in the middle of affairs in New York city. He was a politician in one way or another from the start. Though he was an ardent Democrat, all Democrats did not look alike to him. He was one of the most violent rebels against Tweed and Tweedism, and was very often found at war with the Democratic local machine. In fact, many leading misleaders in the local Democracy placed him, with reference to the party, where the vermiform appendix is placed with reference to the human system. He was considered of no use and quite dangerous. He became a combined obstructor, adviser and leader to such an extent that he held various offices of importance, including the place of Corporation Counsel, which he occupied from 1875 to 1882. Finally, in 1885, Mr. Cleveland made him Secretary

of the Navy. This was a natural place for Mr. Whitney to take. Unlike most Secretaries of the Navy, he had some knowledge of naval affairs. Being rich, he had assiduously cultivated the yacht habit and was therefore prepared to know a battle-ship from an excursion-boat. Better yet, he could tell the difference between a real sea-captain whose home is the whole wet world, and a play-sailor whose voyages are chiefly from parlor to parlor over the oily surface of social life in Washington. That is why he liked such men as Bob Evans. As Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney applied to the Navy Department all the keen good sense that had brought him so much success in New York, and so he made an impression such that the real men of the sea were sorry to lose him.

He has always loved ships, but also anything else made to "go." A lively song, a street-car, a good horse and a hot campaign have all shared his affections. His horses have been among the most famous. What could make men at large more fond of him than his love for that friend and ally of the human race, the horse? His horse record alone would make him a formidable candidate for almost any office.

Mr. Whitney would declare himself a Democrat with as much emphasis as Mr. Hill. But to the eye of the Republican observer he seems to belong to what may be described as the aristocratic wing of the Democratic party. This wing seems to have the larger proportion of the education, and the wealth, and the business, and the professional prominence of the party. It includes such men as Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney, Mr. Lee, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Francis, Mr. Vilas, Mr. Hill, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Eckles and the late Professor Phelps.

But though he feels strongly on all the questions before the public, he is not disposed to be very vocal about them, and to his fellow-Democrats generally he presents a smooth and winsome front without recrimination or reproof.

Mr. Whitney says that he has retired from business and will henceforth cultivate only the pleasanter side of life. Some say he will reenter politics, and all say that those who are thrown in contact with him socially from now on, will know such joy as they have never before experienced.



## ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CASSATT.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED

THE building of what is now the Pennsylvania Railroad system was begun in 1828, in which year the canal commissioners of Pennsylvania were instructed to build a railroad from Philadelphia via Lancaster to Columbia. In 1834 the line between Philadelphia and Pittsburg was opened for the transportation of passengers and freight. The line was composed of railroads, canals and cable hoists. There were eighty-two miles of railroad between Philadelphia and Columbia on the Susquehanna River; then came one hundred and seventy-two miles of canal from Columbia to Hollidaysburg; then came thirty-six miles of portage from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown; then came one hundred and four miles of canal from Johnstown to Pittsburg. The railroad part of the line was to be operated by horse-power. The portage was a series of inclined planes operated by cables in practically the same way that street-cars are now lifted up and down the steep declivities at Kansas City, Cincinnati and other places. The first locomotive put on the road was brought from England in about 1834. It was named the "Black Hawk," and it was hauled over the turnpike to Lancaster, the first track completed being between Lancaster and Columbia. On the day of the first trial trip, a man with a club warned the people to keep off the track or they would be run over. But the "Black Hawk" was a failure and couldn't run over anything. In those days many citizens made war on the locomotive as being a menace to the horse business and the source of much destruction of life and property. In 1835 there were three loco-

motives in regular use on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in 1837 there were forty. Mr. Andrew Carnegie describes the condition of the Pennsylvania when he began work for it. He says: "When I had the honor to become a railroad man, the Pennsylvania Railroad was not yet finished to Pittsburg. By means of some miles of staging between the two points, and a climb over the mountains by means of ten inclined planes, the passenger was enabled to reach Philadelphia by rail. The rails on the mountains were iron, fourteen-foot lengths, imported



ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CASSATT.

from England, lying on huge hewn blocks of stone, although the line passed through woods and ties would have cost little. The company had no telegraph line and was dependent upon the use of the Western Union wire. . . . President Thompson one day amazed the community of Pittsburg by stating that on some future day the Pennsylvania Railroad would transport one hundred cars a day over it. Cars then carried eight tons net. We had small locomotives and the road-bed was something to frighten one. It was laid with light rails and cast-iron joints were used. I have known forty-seven broken joints found one morning in winter on my division, and it was over such a line that we ran our trains. It is no wonder that breakdowns were frequent. We had no cabooses on freight-trains. Trainmen had to be out in all weathers. It was single track, and not having a telegraph line, in case of delays trains ran curves; that is, flagmen went ahead and the trains followed and met when they could, and sometimes met with considerable force, on the sharp curves. . . . We



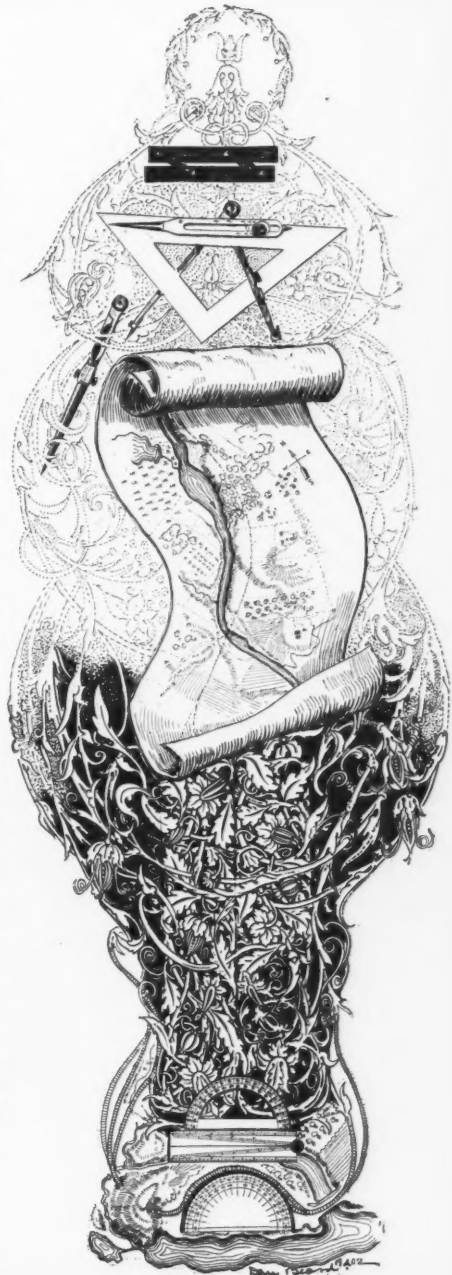
thought we had reached perfection when a passenger train was put on which ran between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in thirteen hours, about twenty-seven miles an hour. It was christened the Lightning Express. That was not because we thought the lightning was so slow, but because we thought the train was so terrifically fast."

In the year 1901 the Pennsylvania system operated more than ten thousand miles of road, using over three thousand locomotives and one hundred and fifty thousand cars. It carried more than sixty-one million passengers a distance equal to carrying one passenger one billion five hundred million miles. It moved over eighteen billion tons of freight one mile. The new passenger-train time between Chicago and New York is nineteen hours—or a little over half the time required for the "Lightning Express" of Mr. Carnegie's time to go less than half the distance.

How is this great machine run and who runs it? First, there is a board of directors. Some directors sometimes know a good deal about the property in their hands, but even then they do not usually do much outside of legislating on financial and other general questions. Most railroads are, for all ordinary intents and purposes, owned by the president of the company. The details are too many and too absorbing for any man to know much about them unless he gives all his time and strength to the task. So the present "proprietor" of the Pennsylvania system is Mr. Alexander Johnston Cassatt. Mr. Cassatt was born in Pittsburgh in 1839 soon after the line I have described was opened to his native city. It will be a sad fact to some to learn that he was highly educated. Many will feel sure that if he had not been educated he would now be proprietor of the earth. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and Heideloerg University gave him his education in the book line. Then he submitted himself to another kind of education. In 1859 and 1860 he was a member of a surveying party in Georgia. In 1861 he entered the service of the Pennsylvania company as rodman. A rodman has to work. He has to work like the man with the hod. A gentleman who squints through a telescope at the horizon tells him to walk a few miles and then walk a few more miles and be blankety-blank quick about it and never mind the bramble-bushes and the pioson-ivy, and to come back to camp after dark when the telescope won't work. Well, this young man Cassatt took all his medicine and looked pleasant, and asked for more. He got it. Hard work came to him as trouble came to Job. He did all of it. Nothing got away if he saw it first.

Trouble was his element. Being out of trouble made him gasp like a fish out of water. The Pennsylvania Company was fairly accommodating in this respect. It seemed to have a large assortment of plain and fancy trouble always in stock. Mr. Cassatt was given his choice and he took it all. So he became general superintendent and general manager, and by 1874 he was third vice-president, and since June, 1899, he has been president. From rodman to president in thirty-odd years—that is the record. What a noble triumph over the blighting effects of education!

How does Mr. Cassatt work? Just as Paderewski plays—apparently without trying. Facility in the actual details of the work gives him facility in the big affairs. The relation is this: As scales are to concertos so are rodman's experiences to the president's work. Mr. Cassatt has the faculty of appreciating that he cannot do everything himself, that his duty is to select the task of greatest importance and attend to that and then to take the next most important task and attend to that, and so on. The rest is done by his generals, and the best chief is the one who can pick the best generals. Most men are eaten up by details. They never get time to do the big things because they are slaves to the little things. They confound the necessity of knowing how to do little things with the necessity of doing them. Mr. Cassatt has always reserved his energies for the matter of supreme importance. Of course he could not know how to recognize a matter of supreme importance until he had toiled through the realm of trifles—from delving in the dark ways of mathematics at school to manipulating the chain and the rod as an engineer's cub in the field. Mr. Cassatt does that first which is life and death to the Pennsylvania. This is why he is a general in fact as well as in title. Mr. Cassatt knows the proper relations between work and rest. He knows that the men on the Pennsylvania, from himself down, need rest as much as the giant engines which seem so far beyond the reach of weariness. When he quits work he makes a good job of the change and courts the play as ardently as he has courted the toil. He applies this rest rule to the army under his command, and no set of railway employees work under more humane and considerate rules than those of the Pennsylvania.





## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

MEPHISTO scorns the passing wars which flare  
 'Twixt nations ; all his deadly force is thrown  
 On these two Titans, all his care to breed

To stronger growth the foul suspicions sown  
 By his skilled hand between the two. He  
 calls

Specters to aid him from his phantom halls.

O for a clarion Voice, whose throbbing  
 tone

Shall cry aloud, in accents passionate :  
 "Thou giant Energies—draw near, and learn  
 The solemn Secret ere it is too late !  
 Strike down the Tempter: if his devilish art  
 Win ye to stab, ye reach a brother's heart !



"For bright-zoned Commerce bore ye both ! ye  
 lay

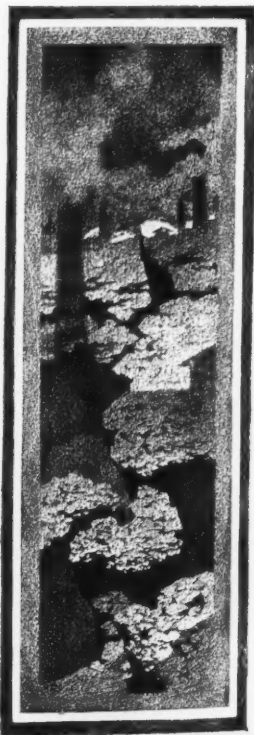
Together on her jeweled breast while she  
 Sought the great Future's temple and obtained,  
 From the wise Sybil, this sure prophecy—  
*United, Fortune naught to them denies,  
 But slay the one, and lo, the other dies !*"

Wo ! for such Voice is heard not. Yet the  
 world

Holds somewhere one high soul to dash the  
 blade

Of fratricidal strife aside, and tear

Mephisto's mask away and, unafraid,  
 Proclaim his wiles, and see those Titans meet  
 In brotherhood's new union strong and sweet.





REVERE BEACH, CONDUCTED BY THE CITY OF BOSTON.

### CITY OWNERSHIP OF SEASIDE PARKS.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

"The Lord made only just so much shore,  
And is not likely to make any more."

THE significance of these words lies in the related fact that back from the seacoast a great and rapidly increasing population every summer presses shoreward in ever-waxing numbers. With the remarkable development of transit facilities in the past few years, the great popular shore-resorts are comparatively new creations.

This tendency is bound to continue. The periodical pressure of humanity toward the salt water—the delight in the sight of it, the yearning for contact with it—is as natural as are hunger and thirst.

Under similar conditions human nature manifests itself in similar ways pretty much everywhere. Hence we find life at all these popular seaside resorts very much the same. People enjoy themselves in the same ways and the multitude does substantially the same things. Whatever variations occur are of a minor sort, governed by differences in environment, and perhaps in local temperament as well as in forms of restraint. People come to the shore to bathe, to sport on the sands, to fish, to sail, to breathe the fresh air of the salt sea, to mingle with the multitude drawn together by these things, and also to enjoy the more artificial amusements that cater to the crowd.

But with all this sameness, there is little monotony. There is something unspeakably exhilarating in the summer spectacle of the human masses drawn to the sea, all joyous by the water—the expanse of the free horizon, the sparkle of blue waves, the gleam of white sails, the snowy foam of the breaking surf, the majestic rhythm of the surges, the free



STRANDED FOR THE INTEREST OF SEASIDE VISITORS.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS AND BATH-HOUSE AT REVERE BEACH.

sweep of the wind, the wholesome scent of the salty shore, and the holiday mood of it all. Against the large influence of these things, the bustle, the confusion, the noises of the crowd and the noises made for the crowd, make but a minority of discord. The diapason of the surf, ever recurrent, overwhelms these petty babblings; the giant voice soothes the soul with its mighty music, and looking seaward one soon regards indifferently all that lies on the landward side.

In summer time, and particularly by the sea, whence all life came, man tends to get close to nature. The burden of clothing is reduced to the lowest permissible terms; convention's bars are dropped; the kiss of the sunlight and the caress of the free air are welcomed; the skin takes on the hue that nature intended it to, losing the pallor that belongs alike to raiment-covered flesh and to cellar-grown plants; and the body breathes all over as it was meant to breathe, not with the lungs alone. So it is all good

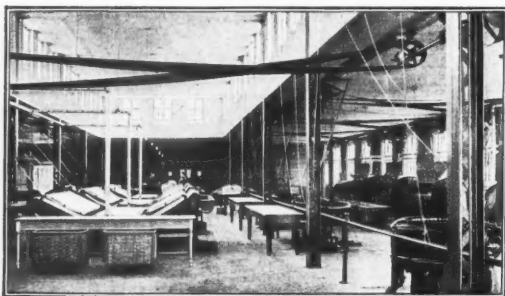
and as it was designed—this sporting in the waves, this lying on the sands, this contact with nature, bringing the soul of man closer to its source in the world as God made it.

But liberty, unchecked by self-restraint or the law's restraint, degenerates into license. So too often the freedom of the shore has turned into lawlessness, and the conditions that once obtained at many of these popular shore-resorts, and that yet obtain at some of them, have made "the beach" a term widely synonymous for much that is evil. In learning how these conditions have been changed for good at some of these places, we may learn how they can be changed at others where a reform is greatly needed.

Every large city on the North Atlantic coast has its seaside suburbs. Into these, in summer weather, it pours great streams of humanity, not only from its own population, but from all the back country for which it forms the gateway to the sea.

New York, for instance, has Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, and other resorts along the south Long Island and the nearer New Jersey shores. In a quite different way Philadelphia and other eastern cities have built up Atlantic City.

With Baltimore and Washington, Philadelphia has also shared in the development of Cape May. Ocean City in Maryland is more particularly



THE CITY LAUNDRY FOR REVERE BEACH BATH-HOUSES.





ENJOYING A SUN AND SAND BATH.

identified with the former two centers.

The position of Boston is exceptional in these respects. It is the only great American city that ranks as a summer capital for large sections of the country. From all over the West and the South tourists gather there, not only to diffuse themselves all along the New England seaboard, but to enjoy the maritime charms of the city's own immediate environment. Within the metropolitan limits of Boston lie great seaside resorts of a popular character. The developments that have recently transformed these places make them remarkable instances of what public control and administration can do for the promotion of popular enjoyment at the seaside. The chief of these resorts is Revere Beach. The early history of the place is of the same sort as Coney Island's. As Chelsea Beach it was the rowdiest resort on the New England coast. In the course of time conditions began to change for the better. Great improvements in transit facilities were effected, and the efforts of transportation and landed interests conjoined did much to make the place truly popular.

But the growing crowds encouraged a correspondingly crowded occupancy that, under unrestricted and unlimited private ownership, developed perniciously in ways that now find their most glaring illustration at Coney Island.

The place was taken in hand

and a million dollars was appropriated for its improvement as a public resort. The railway line, removed from the crest of the beach to a new location, was replaced by a fine seaside drive and promenade. The entire shore, for a stretch of nearly three miles, was taken by right of eminent domain and cleared of all structural encumbrances. This drive and promenade follows the shore line in a crescent of exquisite beauty. Particular care was taken to make the curve an absolutely perfect one. Its course is accented by the clean-cut lines of whitish artificial stone in the curbing and gutters along the road on either side. On the seaward side the only structures that in the least break the continuity of the view are the shelters connected with two handsome terraces—one at the great bathing-establishment and the other adjacent to the bandstand.

Along the landward promenade is the



THE LIFE-GUARD ON THE BEACH.

long row of miscellaneous structures that usually disfigure a resort of this kind: hotels, restaurants, and all sorts of attractions for the crowd, that make a veritable seaside Midway Pleasance—vaudeville theaters, dance-halls, shooting-galleries, loop-the-loops, shoot-the-chutes, and the like. All these things are singularly free from the objectionable features that commonly mar most popular resorts. Whatever might savor of indecency or humbuggery is tabooed. The shore frontage lies upon a park thoroughfare and not a public way. Hence abutters have to agree to observe the rules and regulations governing the conduct of their establishments laid down

An impressive civic character is imparted by the handsome group of buildings devoted to the bathing-establishment and to public administrative purposes. It is no exaggeration to call this the finest ocean-side bath-house in the world. It is conducted directly by the Metropolitan Park Commission and is a unique instance of the public administration of such a function. No privately managed seaside bath-house can compare with it in convenience and comfort. It is run on strictly business principles, without a suggestion of political influence. Moreover, the annual balance shows a profit. The receipts for 1901 were \$38,272.65 and the expenditures were \$31,-



THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.

by the Park Commission. Otherwise they would be barred from entrance to their premises from the promenade. In the same way the appearance of sign-boards is regulated; advertising of a glaring nature, or otherwise offensive, is not permitted. Were the thing to be done over again, the question of architecture might be looked after in a like way. The buildings are nearly all of wood. At such a place public interests demand substantial construction. Self-interest of property-owners will naturally bring this about in due time. There has already been a great improvement in the nature of the buildings, and the general effect of the long frontage upon the sea is not bad.

513.27. Since this is purely a recreative bath, it is felt that it should be entirely self-sustaining. The many regular public baths of the city are without charge. But it would hardly be the proper thing to run a free bathing-establishment at a popular resort, particularly when the accommodations are immensely superior to anything to be had at private establishments for the same money. For twenty-five cents one has the use of a dressing-room, bathing-suit and towel. Everything is of the best quality. The dressing-rooms are scrupulously clean, well ventilated and lighted. Shower-baths for rinsing off the salt water are convenient to all the rooms. The bathing-suits are washed, dried and thoroughly sterilized



ESPECIALLY FOR LOVERS.

after each use. So quickly is this done in the great laundry, fitted up with ingenious machinery designed for the purpose, that in a few minutes a suit is ready for use again. So perfect is this system that practically nobody cares to bring his own bathing-suit, although free to do so. The patronage includes a large element of the most fastidious character.

There are seventeen hundred dressing-rooms—nearly a thousand for men and over seven hundred for women. In addition there are accommodations for five hundred boys, in a large room furnished with lockers for each individual. The beach is constantly patrolled by a life-saving service in boats, its members all expert swimmers.

In the bath-house is a fine emergency-room, with all necessary medicines, surgical instruments, and competent professional attendance. In the summer of 1901 there were 170,993 bathers—7,995 the largest number in one day. The profits are devoted to renewals, repairs and improvements. This makes the establishment self-sustaining in the long run, as well as from the more immediate point of view.

The sight here on a hot summer day makes one of the most remarkable spectacles in America—not only the multitudes of bathers, but the crowds of spectators, orderly and happy; thousands eager for the amusements so abundantly proffered on every hand, other thousands equally content



A STRETCH OF NANTASKET BEACH.



A CONEY ISLAND BOAT-RIDE.

in the quieter enjoyment of the water and the beach. The long drive, smooth and level, is thronged with pleasure-carriages and bicycles. How admirable the order is under the excellent system of policing may be inferred from the fact that last year there were only ninety arrests—mostly for minor offenses. During a two weeks' summer carnival, with incessant crowds drawn by parades, water-sports, and other extra attractions, only three arrests were found necessary.

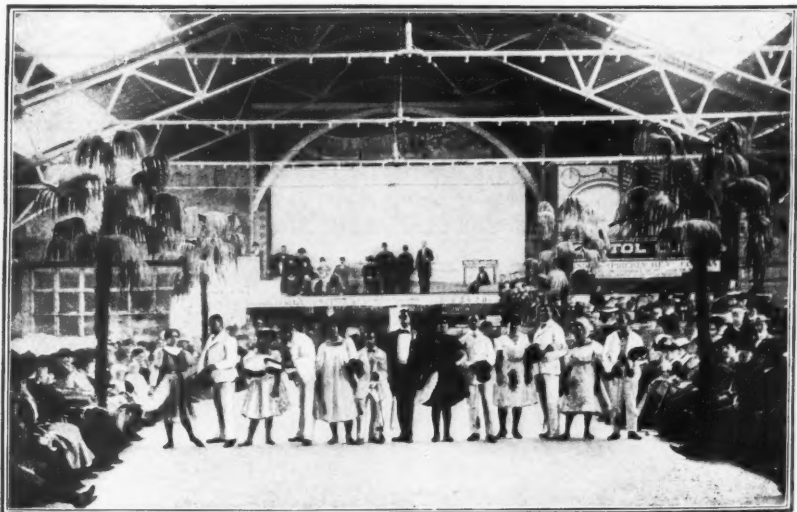
The sale of intoxicating drinks is forbidden and the rule is strictly observed.

The greatest crowds gather on Sunday. The regular amusement-places are closed then, but recreative opportunities seem sufficiently abundant, and the aspect of a summer Sunday in this section of New England is anything but puritanical.

A great metropolitan parkway to Revere Beach is a feature of the magnificent radial system of parkways and boulevards designed to connect all parts of the New England metropolis with the various great public pleasure-grounds.

The Revere Beach parkway has a total length of five and a quarter miles. When connected with other parkways it will provide continuous pleasure drives over something like sixteen miles of park roads, not counting the many additional miles within the parks themselves. A feature of this parkway, as planned, is a reserved space for electric-railway tracks running over turf. This will give the masses a pleasant and speedy form of transit to the beach.

Where the parkway enters upon the beach drive, a handsome "round-point,"



A TYPE OF SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT.



THE BEACH AT ASBURY PARK.

called Charles Eliot Circle, commands a superb view of the crescent shore. This circle commemorates the gifted young landscape architect—a son of the president of Harvard University—who designed the improvement of the beach and to whom the great scheme of metropolitan parks very largely owes its inception and development. Continuing northward, the beach driveway is to extend to the adjacent city of Lynn. Here it will connect with other features of this unparalleled system of metropolitan beach improvements. These comprise altogether something like twelve miles of publicly owned seashore, besides several miles of water-frontage under local municipal control. The municipal beaches are utilized for park and playground purposes and also include extensive bathing facilities. The great L-Street beach-bath on the Boston Strandway is devoted to nude bathing for men and boys, being effectively screened from view on the landward side.

The great metropolitan shore reservations are six in number. Two lie not far to the northward of Revere Beach. King's Beach and Lynn shore make one continuous reservation of beautiful frontage. The others are Winthrop, Nahant, Nantasket and Quincy.

To the south of Boston Bay, Nantasket Beach has long vied in popularity with Revere Beach. Private ownership of the shore had similarly led to undesirable forms of development. So, when the terrific November storm of 1898 swept the beach

of its encumbering shanties, a movement for public ownership led to the taking of a mile of the sea-frontage by metropolitan authority. Two miles in that section where the development had not been offensive, were left solely to private ownership. The



POPULAR WITH THE CHILDREN.



NANTASKET BEACH, CONDUCTED BY THE CITY OF BOSTON.

improvement was immediate. The rowdy element vanished. Orderly, pleasure-loving throngs came in, with somewhat less of the "populace" in their make-up than at Revere Beach. This was due to the greater distance from the metropolitan center and the increased cost of transit. At first the bathing privileges were leased to private parties, partly with the object of affording a comparison of the respective merits of public and of commercial operation under similar conditions. The terms imposed called for a high standard of service. But the results were not satisfactory. The public called for accommodations equal to those at Revere Beach. So this year a large metropolitan bath-house, modeled after the pioneer establishment, was erected.

The transit facilities at Nantasket deserve special mention. Besides the large excursion-steamers that run at frequent intervals, there

is also an enormous steam-railway and electric trolley-line.

Street-rail-

way lines also bring passengers by the thousands from an extensive back country outside of Greater Boston, running through to the beach from points as far away as Taunton.

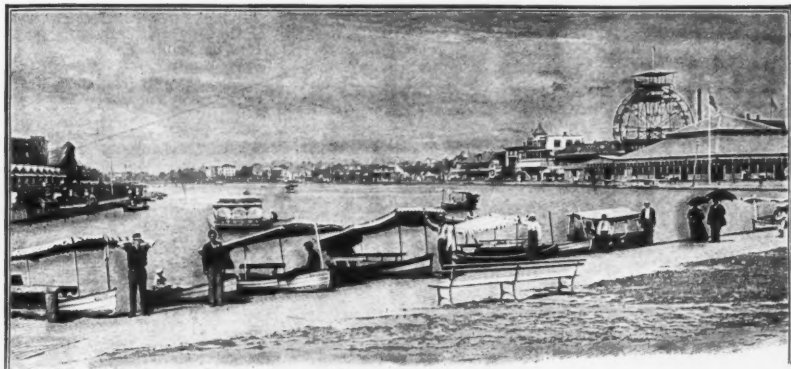
The sixth of these metropolitan beaches is Quincy Shore, where on a shallow arm of Boston Bay a frontage of two miles on still water is admirably adapted for bathing and boating.

Some of New York's most popular seaside resorts, like those of Boston, are included within the metropolitan limits. Coney Island and the neighboring Manhattan Beach in location are almost ideal, facing the open sea on the outer bay, with good beaches swept by the prevailing winds that bear the fresh breath of the sea. It is curious that at Coney Island was taken the first step that looked toward the public development of an ocean frontage for popular recreative use. When Frederick Law Olmsted designed Prospect Park for the city of Brooklyn, he made the great Ocean Parkway an important feature of the system, associating the view of the sea with the ideal inland scenery of the park. This parkway terminates at the beach in a magnificent formal concourse, or plaza. The logical thing would have been to carry out the hint thus



SPORT IN THE SAND.





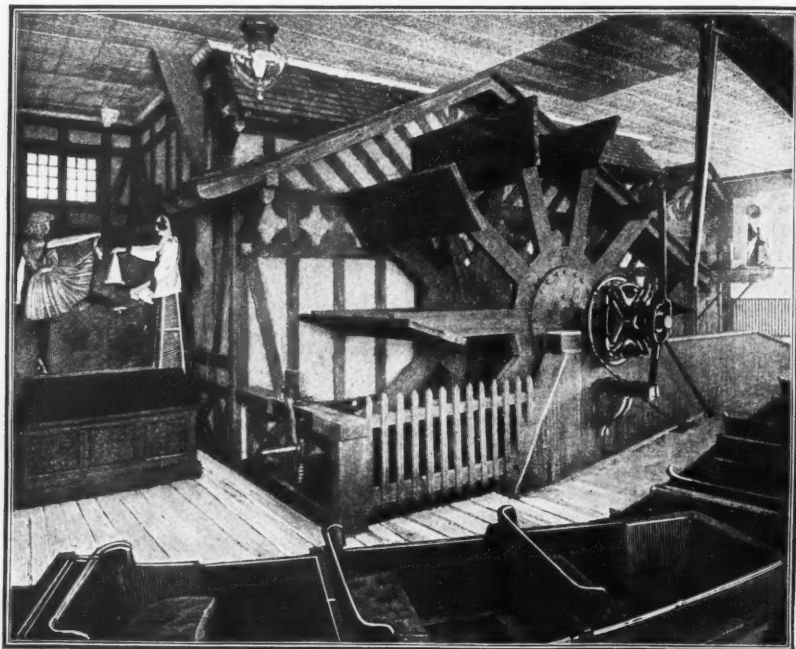
A BAY ON THE JERSEY COAST.

conveyed and appropriate the entire shore of Coney Island to public use. To-day it would be an invaluable asset for Greater New York. But the few hundred feet at the concourse remain the only fragment of publicly owned shore. Otherwise the beach rests on private proprietorship, a bonanza to its various owners and an ever-increasing detriment to public interests. With all the drawbacks incident to these conditions, Coney Island is nevertheless of inestimable benefit to the people of New York. Thousands upon thousands in summer days find there at least the boon of pure sea-air. Without this relief close at hand, life in the hot city might easily become intolerable. But the hall-mark of the slums is stamped upon the place, and almost every form of vice and crime that marks the life of a huge metropolis makes summer holiday there by the sea. At the neighboring Manhattan Beach the situation is better. In the way of bathing facilities, however, even the longest purses cannot command anything approaching those that, under public auspices, at the Greater Boston resorts, are brought within the reach of all. Not long ago, there was a movement in New York to follow the Boston example at Revere Beach and similarly reform Coney Island in radical fashion by taking the entire shore for public purposes. The great cost was the objection that prevailed against it. The benefits to the vast metropolitan population would, however, justify a very large outlay for a much-needed improvement that manifestly must sooner or later be undertaken.

Meanwhile private beneficence is beginning to realize the possibilities of Coney Island for the popular welfare. Mr. Schwab, the steel magnate, has bought a large property on the beach for improvement as a health- and pleasure-resort for poor children. Youngsters will find a summer paradise there. But an enlightened public control could do immensely better than the wealthiest individual in developing the possibilities of such a place for the good of all classes. One of the great popular needs that thus might be met, were public authority in control, is suggested by the flocking of thousands to the Coney Island beach last summer to escape the intolerable heat of the city nights, sleeping on the sands under the stars. It should not be difficult to devise convenient seashore sleeping-camps for the summer where under decent conditions the sweltering city masses might be fanned by the air that sweeps the spacious sea.

Philadelphia in its relation to the seashore is not unlike London. The two great cities lie well inland. The greatest popular resort for London is Brighton. In like fashion Philadelphia has had to go far afield, traversing an entire state to reach the seaside. Atlantic City stands largely for Philadelphia by the sea. It is a detached bit of the Pennsylvania metropolis.

It is the place of many huge and luxuriously equipped hotels, with numerous smaller establishments, and boarding-houses and cottages that meet the requirements of the moderately circumstanced visitor. For the needs of the thousands coming for the day, a great excursion-



THE OLD MILL AT CONEY ISLAND.

house provides many desirable conveniences.

The most remarkable feature of the place is the famous Boardwalk along the shore—practically a great street designed for pedestrians only; a promenade of smoothly laid planks upon a structure of steel four miles long, twelve feet above the shore, and costing one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. It lacks the substantial attractiveness of a terraced shore promenade and drive, with sea-wall and smoothly paved walks. But it answers its purpose well and presents a brilliant spectacle with its animated life, bordered by the chief attractions of the place—hotels, shops, all sorts of amusement-places, the casino, and the great piers jutting out into the ocean with their theaters, concert-halls and dancing-pavilions. In some places, close by, there is a form of development in progress that offers fascinating possibilities—the conversion of a salt marsh into a semblance of Venice, with canals to give convenient and delightful access in motor-launches or gondolas to building-lots duly restricted to desirable development and sub-

ject to architectural regulations that assure harmonious and artistic character. Water-transit is thus brought to every man's door.

Much might be said about other popular resorts along the coast. For instance, there is Martha's Vineyard, where at Cottage City the Methodist camp-meeting grove of the past generation, with its fortnight of life in tents, has developed into a complete town organized almost wholly with reference to a large cottage-dwelling summer population of persons of moderate means. The place is equipped with admirable municipal conveniences, including many miles of concrete or asphalt way.

Luxurious and exclusive Newport itself has also its aspect as a popular resort. Here the idle rich, in their doings and their haunts, involuntarily play their parts on the summer stage for the edification of the masses that come in daily throngs on cheap excursions from the many centers of industry roundabout. Salisbury Beach in Massachusetts, near the mouth of the Merrimac, the scene of Whittier's "Tent on the Beach," is a type of numerous resorts

of the kind. Once practically a public possession—owned in common by the original freeholders of the town—it is still held in the same manner, but by the descendants of the original proprietors, organized as "the Salisbury Commoners," who reap rich annual dividends from leasing sites for summer cottages. A veritable summer city, has thus been built up. This huddling of cheap cottages at the seashore is a serious evil. Without sewage systems, such places are not only full of foul smells, but are invariably breeding-places for

sults, as at Atlantic City, where the municipality works intelligently in cooperation with the various private interests whose concern it likewise is to advance the character and attractiveness of the place by all practicable means. A tendency toward more substantial and beautiful construction should soon assert itself all along the shore. At present the average beach resort is anything but a thing of beauty. Better ordered and more agreeable methods of building are called for. In the crowding together of cheap wooden cottages, detached con-

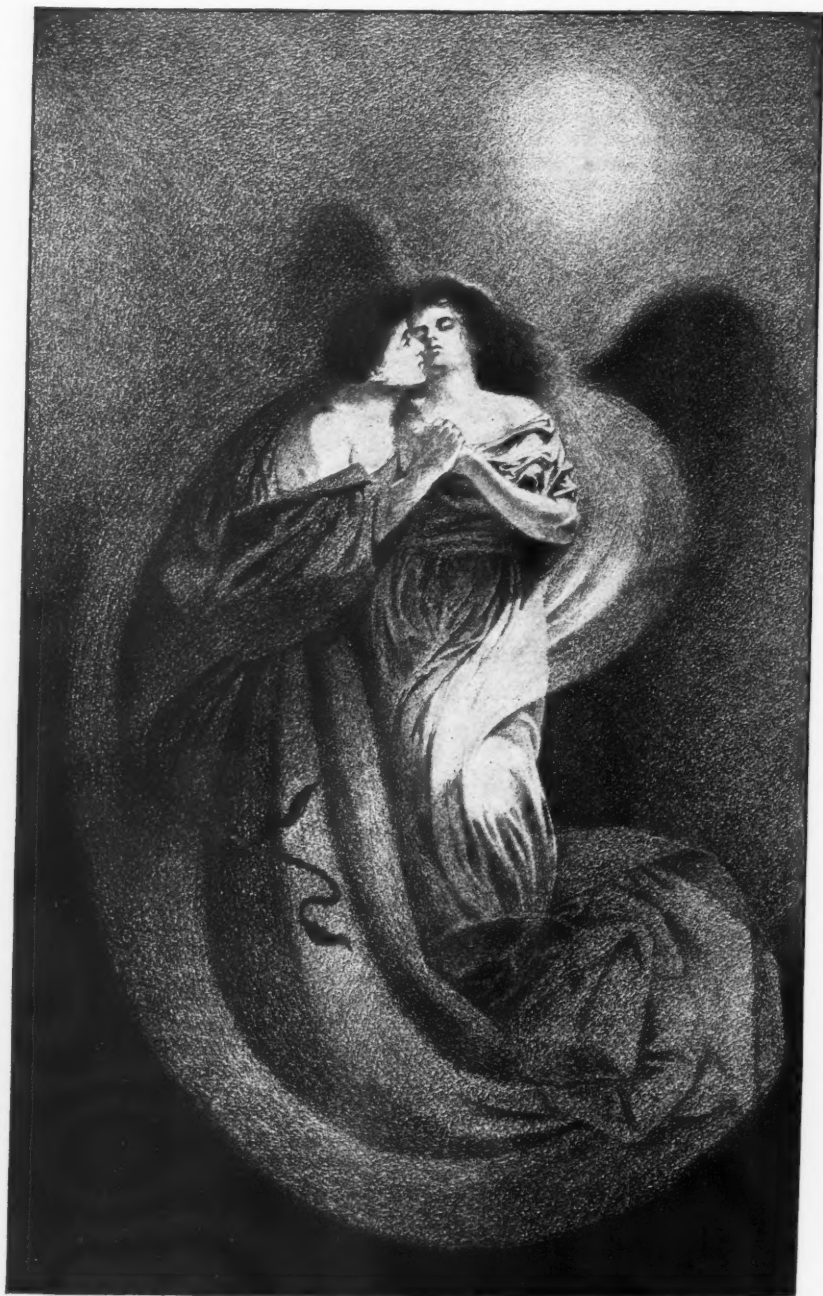


A HUMAN KALEIDOSCOPE.

typhoid infection, either from contaminated water or the agency of flies in transmitting infection from privy-vaults to food in kitchens and dining-rooms.

The shapes which the future development of popular shore-resorts will take are indicated by much that has already been achieved. Public ownership and control will more and more give the fullest measure of accommodation to the people in the enjoyment of the shore. For the rest, the large activities involved may be depended upon ultimately to secure attractive re-

struction offers no advantage in the way of either privacy or economy. Space at the shore must become ever increasingly precious. Forms of compact construction in blocks, taking cooperative advantage of many desired conveniences thus obtainable, would give pleasant and well-arranged apartments in place of the uncomfortable small-cottage system. Then, for all things used in common, like promenades, landings, esplanades, baths, water-supply, lighting, and the beach itself, there should be public ownership and administration.



Drawn by R. Emmett Owen.

## THE MATE OF THE OVERMAN.

BY ELSA BARKER.

Do not remember these womanly tears  
That I shed on your wondering face ;  
They are drops from the wells of unspeakable fears  
That lurk in the cavernous dusk of dead years,  
Awaiting a time and a place—

Fears of old memories clamoring still  
For a glance of my soul or a sign ;  
And they mock at the feeble and passionate will  
That would render immortal the touch and the thrill  
Of a man's avid lips upon mine.

Swearing fidelity far beyond death,  
The presumptuous children of clay  
Make love's mystic ideal a loud shibboleth,  
When, like everything under the law of the Breath,  
It may claim but the hour and the day.

O lover as wise as the magi of old !  
You have given me pleasure more vast  
Than God's dream of creation, and yet we are told  
That the mightiest passion must some day lie cold  
In the bottomless gulf of the past.

And our love—nay, beloved, regard not the tears  
Or kiss them away if you will—  
Our love shall be wide as the sweep of the spheres,  
And free as the music the Overman hears  
In his cave on the crown of the hill.

But sometimes, I know, at the terror night brings  
In this land without pathway or mark,  
I shall cling to your hand as a little child clings,  
Lest your candle go out in the wind from His wings,  
And leave me alone with the shadowless things  
In the emptiness under the dark.



## OLD LOVE-STORIES RETOLD.

III.—HEINE AND MATHILDE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE love-story of Heine and his Mathilde is another of those stories which fix a type of loving. It is the love of a man of the most brilliant genius, the most relentless, mocking intellect, for a simple, pretty woman, who could no more understand him than a cow can understand a comet. Many men of genius have loved just such women, and the world, of course, has wondered.

How is it that men of genius prefer some little Mathilde, when the presidents of so many women's clubs are theirs for the asking? Perhaps the problem is not so difficult as, at first sight, it may seem. After all, a man of genius is much like other men. He is no more anxious than any other man to marry an encyclopedia, or a university degree. And, more than most men, he is fitted to realize the mys-

terious importance and satisfaction of simple beauty—though it may go quite unaccompanied by “intellectual” conversation—and the value of simple woman-goodness, the woman-goodness that orders a household so skilfully that your home is a work of art, the woman-goodness that glories in that “simple” thing we call motherhood, the woman-goodness

that is almost happy when you are ill because it will be so wonderful to nurse you. Superior persons often smile at these Mathildes of the great. They have smiled no little at Mathilde Crescence Mirat; but he who was perhaps the greatest mocker that ever lived knew better than to laugh at Mathilde. The abysses of his brain no one can, or even dare, explore

—but, listen as we will at the door of that infernal pit of laughter, we shall hear no laugh against his faithful little Mathilde. It is not at Mathilde he laughs, but at the precious little blue-stocking, who freshened the last months of his life with a final infatuation—that still unidentified “Camille Selden” whom he playfully called “la Mouche.”

“La Mouche,” naturally, had a very poor opinion



HEINRICH HEINE.

of Mme. Heine, and you need not be a cynic to enjoy this passage with which she opens her famous remembrances of “The Last Days of Heinrich Heine”:—

“When I first saw Heinrich Heine he lived on the fifth floor of a house situated on the Avenue Matignon, not far from the Rond-Point of the Champs-Élysées. His windows, overlooking the avenue, opened



on a narrow balcony, covered in hot weather with a striped linen awning, such as appears in front of small cafés. The apartments consisted of three or four rooms—the dining-room and two rooms used by the master and the mistress of the house. A very low couch, behind a screen encased in wall-paper, several chairs, and opposite the door a walnut-wood secretary, formed the entire furniture of the invalid's chamber. I nearly forgot to mention two framed engravings, dated from the early years of Louis Philippe's reign—the 'Reapers' and the 'Fisherman,' after Leopold Robert. So far the arrangements of the rooms evidenced no trace of a woman's presence, which showed itself in the adjoining chamber by a display of imitation lace, lined with transparent yellow muslin, and a corner-cupboard covered with brown velvet, and more especially by a full-length portrait, placed in a good light, of Mme. Heine, with dress and hair as worn in her youth—a low-necked black bodice, and bands of hair plastered down her cheeks—a style in the fashion of about 1840.

"She by no means realized my ideal Mme. Heine. I had fancied her refined, elegant, languishing, with a pale, earnest face, animated by large, perfidious, velvety eyes. I saw, instead, a homely, dark, stout lady, with a high color and a jovial countenance, a person of whom you would say she required plenty of exercise in the open air. What a painful contrast between the robust woman and the pale dying man, who, with one foot already in the grave, summoned sufficient energy to earn not only enough for the daily bread, but money

besides to purchase beautiful dresses. The melancholy jests, which obliging biographers constantly represent as flashes of wit from a husband too much in love not to be profuse, never deluded anybody who visited that home. It is absurd to transform Mme. Heine into an idyllic character, whilst the poet himself never dreamed of representing her in that guise. Why poetize at the expense of truth?—especially when truth brings more honor to the poet's memory."

One is sorry that Heine has not risen again to enjoy this. One can easily picture his reading it and, turning tenderly to his

"Treasure," his "Heart's Joy," with that everlasting boy's look on his face, saying: "Never mind, Damschen. We know, don't we? They think they know, but we *know*." And with what a terrible snarl he would say, "My ideal Mme. Heine!"

"My ideal Mme. Heine!" No doubt "la Mouche" thought she might have been that, had all the circumstances been different, had Heine not already been married for years and had he not been a dying man. We may be quite sure what Heine would have thought of the matter, and quite sure what she



MATHILDE MIRAT.

was to him. Mathilde, we know, was unhappy about the visits of the smart young lady who talked Shakespeare and the musical glasses so glibly, and who held her husband's hand as he lay on his mattress-grave, and wore a general air of providing him with that intellectual companionship which was so painfully lacking in his home. Yet we who know the whole story, and know her husband far better than she, know how little she really had to fear from the visits of "Camille Selden."

To Heine "*la Mouche*" was merely a brilliant flower, with the dew of youth upon her. His gloomy room lit up as she entered, and smelled sweet of her young womanhood hours after she had gone. But "*the ideal Mme. Heine*"? No! Heine had found his real *Mme. Heine*, the woman who had been faithful to him for years, had faced poverty and calumny with him, and had nursed him with laughing patience, day in and day out for years. Heine had good reason for knowing how "*the ideal Mme. Heine*" would have treated him under such circumstances; for little *bas-bleue* "*Mouche*" had only to have a bad cold to stay away from the bedside of her hero, though she knew how he was counting the minutes to her coming, in the nervous, hysterical fashion of the invalid. One of his bitterest letters reproaches her with having kept him waiting in this way:—

"Tear my sides, my chest, my face, with red-hot pincers, flay me alive, shoot, stone me, rather than keep me waiting.

"With all imaginable torture, cruelly break my limbs, but do not keep me waiting, for of all torments disappointed expectation is the most painful. I expected thee all yesterday afternoon until six o'clock, but thou didst not come, thou witch, and I grew almost mad. Impatience encircled me like the folds of a viper, and I bounded on my couch at every ring, but oh! mortal anguish, it did not bring thee.

"Thou didst fail to come; I fret, I fume, and *Satanas* whispered mockingly in my ear—'*The charming lotus-flower makes fun of thee, thou old fool!*'"

"*Camille Selden*" made the mistake of her life when she imagined that Heine loved her, and did not love that somewhat stout and high-colored *Mme. Heine* who had such bad taste in lace and literature.

Mathilde, as we know, was far from being Heine's first love. She was more important—his last. Heine himself tells us that from his boyhood he had been dangerously susceptible to women. He had tried many cures for the disease, but finally came to the conclusion that "*woman is the best antidote to woman*"—though "*to be sure, this is driving out Satan with Beelzebub.*" There had been many loves in Heine's life before. One day in the *Quartier*

Latin, somewhere in the year 1835, he had met saucy, laughing Mathilde Crescence Mirat. There had been "*red Sefchen*," the executioner's daughter, whose red hair as she wound it round her throat fascinated Heine with its grim suggestion of blood. There had been his cousin Amalie, whose marriage to another is said to have been the secret spring of sorrow by which Heine's laughter was fed. And there had been others whose names—imaginary, maybe, in that they were doubtless the imaginary names of real women—are familiar to all readers of Heine's poetry: *Séraphine*, *Angélique*, *Diane*, *Hortense*, *Clarisse*, *Emma*, and so on.

But she is loved best who is loved last; and when, after those months of delirious dissipation in Paris, which all too soon were to be so exorbitantly paid for by years of suffering on his mattress-grave, Heine met Mathilde, there is no doubt at all that Heine met his wife. His reminiscent fancy might sentimentalize about his lost Amalie, but no one can read his letters, not so much to, as about, Mathilde, without realizing that he came as near to loving her as a man of his temperament can come near to loving any one.

Though, to begin with, they were not married in the conventional sense, but "*kept house*" together in the fashion of the *Quarter*, there seems no question that Heine was faithful to Mathilde—to whom in his letters to his friends he always referred as his "*wife*"—and that their relation, in everything but name, was a true marriage. Just before he met Mathilde, Heine had written to his friend and publisher, Campe, that he was at last sick to death of the poor pleasures which had held him too long. "*I believe,*" he writes, "*that my soul is at last purified of all its dross; henceforth my verses will be the more beautiful, my books the more harmonious. At all events, I know this—that at the present moment everything impure and vulgar fills me with positive disgust.*"

It was at this moment, disgusted with those common illusions miscalled pleasure, that Heine met Mathilde, and was attracted by what one might call the fresh elementalism of her nature. That his love began with that fine intoxication of wonder and passion without which no love can

endure, this letter to his friend August Lewald will show: "How can I apologize for not writing to you? And you are kind enough to offer me the good excuse that your letter must have been lost. No, I will confess the whole truth. I duly received it—but at a time when I was up to my neck in a love-affair that I have not yet got out of. Since October nothing has been of any account with me that was not directly connected with this. I have neglected everything, I see nobody, and give a sigh whenever I think of my friends.

. . . So I have often sighed to think that you must misunderstand my silence, yet I could not fairly set myself down to write. And that is all I can tell you to-day; for my cheeks are in such a flame, and my brain reels so with the scent of flowers, that I am in no condition to talk sensibly to you.

"Did you ever read King Solomon's Song? Just read it, and you will there find all I could say to-day."

So wrote Heine at the beginning of his love. When that love had been living for eight years, he was still writing in no less lover-like a fashion. "My wife,"

says he to his brother Max in a letter dated April 12, 1843, "is a good child—natural, gay, capricious, as only French women can be, and she never allows me for one moment to sink into those melancholy reveries for which I have so strong a disposition."

When Heine wrote this letter, Mathilde had been his "legal" wife for something like a year and a half. Heine had resorted to the formalizing of their union under the pressure of one of those circumstances which compel a man to think more of a woman than of an idea. He was going to fight a duel with one of his and her cowardly German traducers, and that there

should be no doubt of her position in the event of his death, he duly married her. Writing to his friend Lewald once more, on the 13th of October, 1841, he says: "You will have learned that, a few days before the duel, to make Mathilde's position secure, I felt it right to turn my free marriage into a lawful one. This conjugal duel, which will never cease till the death of one or the other of us, is far more perilous than any brief meeting with a Solomon Straus of Jew Lane, Frankfort."

His friend Campe had been previously advised of "my marriage with the lovely and honest creature who has lived by my

side for years as Mathilde Heine, was always respected and looked upon as my wife, and was defiled by foul names only by some scandal-loving Germans of the Frankfort clique."

Heine's duel resulted in nothing more serious than a flesh-wound on the hip. But alas! the wild months of dissipation before he had met Mathilde were before long to be paid for by the long, excruciating suffering on his mattress-grave, which is one of the most heroic spec-



THE POET IN 1827.

tacles in the history of literature. It is the paradox of the mocker that he often displays the virtues and sentiments which he mocks, much more manfully than the professional sentimentalist. Courage and laughter are old friends, and Heine's laughter—his later laughter, at least—was perhaps mostly courage. If for no other reason, one would hope for a hereafter—so that Charles II. and Heine may have met and compared notes upon dying. Heine was indeed an "unconscionable long time a-dying," but then he died with such brilliant patience, with such good humor, and, in the meanwhile, contrived to write such

haunting poetry, such saturnine criticism.

And, all the time, during those ten years of dying, his faithful "Treasure" was by his side. The people who "understood" him better, who read his books and delighted in his genius, somehow or other seemed to forget the lonely Prometheus on the mattress-rock at No. 3 Avenue Matignon. It was 1854 when Heine was painfully removed there. It was so long ago as the May of 1848 that he had walked out for the last time. His difficult steps had taken him to the Louvre, and, broken in body and nerves—but never in spirit—he had burst into tears before the Venus of Milo. It was a characteristic pilgrimage—though it was only a "Mouche" who could have taken Heine seriously when he said that he loved only statues and dead women. There was obviously a deep strain of the macabre and the bizarre in Heine's nature; but it must never be forgotten that he loved his Mathilde as well.

That Heine was under no illusion about Mathilde, his letters show. He would laugh at her on occasion, and even be a little bitter, but if we are not to laugh at those we love, whom are we to laugh at? So, at all events, thought Heine. Superior people might wonder that a man with Heine's "intellect," et cetera, could put up, day after day, with a little bourgeoisie like Mathilde. But Heine might easily have retorted: "Where anywhere in the world are you going to find me a woman who is my equal, who is my true mate? You will bring me cultivated governesses, or titled ladies who preside over salons, or anemic little literary women with their imitative verse or their amateurish political dreams. No, thank you. I am a man. I am a sick, sad man. I need a kind, beautiful woman to love and take care of me. She must be beautiful, remember, as well as kind—and she must be not merely a nurse, but a woman I can love. If she shouldn't understand my writings, what does it matter? We don't marry a wife for that. I am not looking for some little patronizing blue-stocking—who, in her heart, thinks herself a better writer than myself—but for a simple woman of the elements, no more learned than a rose, and as meaningless, if you will, as the rising moon."

Just such a woman Heine found in his

Mathilde, and it is to be remembered that for years before the illness which left him, so to speak, at her mercy, he had loved and been faithful to her.

There are letters which seem to show that Mathilde had the defects of those qualities of buxom light-heartedness, of eternal sunshine, which had kept a fickle Heine so faithful. Sometimes, one gathers, she as little realized the tragedy of Heine's suffering as she understood his writings. As such a woman must, she often left Heine very lonely; and seemed to feel more for her cat, or her parrot "Cocotte," than her immortal, dying husband.

"Oh, what a night we have had!" Heine exclaimed one day to his friend Meissner. "I have not been able to close an eye. We have had an accident in our house; the cat fell from the mantelpiece and scratched her right ear; it even bled a little. That gave us great sorrow. My good Mathilde remained up and applied cold poultices to the cat all night long. For me she never remains awake."

And another time, he said, even more bitterly, to another friend: "I felt rather anxious yesterday. My wife had finished her toilet as early as two o'clock and had gone to take a drive. She promised to be back at four o'clock. It struck half-past five and she had not got back yet. The clock struck eight and my anxiety increased. Had she, perhaps, got tired of her sick husband, and eloped with a cunning seducer? In my painful doubt I sent the sick-nurse to her chamber to see whether 'Cocotte' the parrot was still there. Yes. 'Cocotte' was still there. That set me at ease again, and I began to breathe more freely. Without 'Cocotte' the dear woman would never go away."

A great man like Heine must necessarily have such moods about a little woman like Mathilde; but the great fact remains that for some twenty years Heine was Mathilde's faithful husband, and that the commonplace, pretty, ignorant, pleasure-loving, bourgeoisie Mathilde was good and faithful to a crippled, incomprehensible husband. Perhaps, after all, the wonder in this marriage is even more on the side of Mathilde than of Heine. Think what such a woman must have had to forego, to suffer, to "put up with," with

such a man—a man, remember, whose real significance must have been Chinese to her. Surely, all of us who truly love, love by faith, and the love of Heine for Mathilde, and of Mathilde for Heine, are alike only to be explained by that mysterious explanation—faith.

That Heine understood his love for Mathilde, so far as any man of genius can understand his love, and was satisfied with it so far as any man of genius can be with any love, we may be quite sure. His many letters about her, and to her, prove it. All the elemental simplicities of her nature—the very bourgeois traits which made his friends wonder—alike interested him, and drew him closer toward her. When she weaves a rug for his friend Lewald, how seriously he takes it! He could laugh at all things in heaven and earth, but when Mathilde weaves a rug for his friend he takes life seriously.

How "domestic" Heine could be is witnessed by a letter of his—to Mathilde, from Hamburg in 1843—in regard to her buying a hat for his sister and another for his niece—giving careful directions as to style and price. Mathilde and he had then been each other's for over eight years, but none the less—nay, let us say all the more—he ended his letter: "Adieu! I think only of thee, and I love thee like the madman that I am."

Perhaps the truest proof of Heine's love for Mathilde is the way in which, in his will, he flattered his despicable cousin, Carl Heine, for her sake, so that she might not suffer any loss of his inheritance. There is no doubt that Heine knew the worth of his Mathilde. If so terrible a critic of human nature was satisfied to love and live with her for so many years, we may be sure that Mathilde was a remarkable woman. She didn't indeed talk poetry and philosophy, like little "Mouche," but then the women who do that are legion; and Mathilde was one of those rarer women who are just women, and love they know not why.

In saying this, we mustn't forget that "Camille Selden" said it was ridiculous to sentimentalize about Mme. Heine. Yet, at the same time, we must remember Heine's point of view. When "Camille



HEINE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1851.

Selden" first sought his acquaintance, he had been living with Mathilde for some twenty years. Men of genius—and even ordinary men—are not apt to live with women they do not love for twenty years; and that Heine did perhaps the one wise thing of his life in marrying his Mathilde there can be very little doubt.

To a man such as Heine a woman is not so much a personality as a beautiful embodiment of the elements: "Earth, air, fire and water met together in a rose." If she is beautiful, he will waive "intellectual sympathy"; if she is good, he will not mind her forgetting the titles of his books. When she becomes a mother, he—being a man of genius—understands that she is a more wonderful being than he can ever hope to be.

Much has been said about the unhappy marriages of great writers. The true reason too often has been that they have married literary amateurs instead of women and wives. Heine was wiser. No one would, of course, pretend that Mathilde was his mate. But, then, what woman would have been? Certainly not that little literary prig he called his "Mouche."



“IRRASHAI”—“COME WITH ME.”

BY S. A. WARDLOW.

“THE Kitsunebi! Oh, Friji-moti, no, no, I dare not!”

“But you, Tsuro-san, a Christian, have no belief, surely, in those heathen superstitions?”

“Oh, no, Friji-moti; no, I do not believe—and yet I—I——”

“And yet you fear the Kitsune—the fox-people? Have not the mission teachers taught you better, my beloved?”

“Yes, yes, but all my life I have feared them. I do not believe and yet I cannot help—— Oh, Friji-moti, is there no other way?” The soft slanting eyes were filled with terror as she raised them to the face of the young Japanese at her side, and he, perceiving, answered gently:

“Your uncle is angry, Tsuro-san, very angry; he will never let you see me again, and the ship sails to-morrow. It is hot and damp; the Kitsunebi will be bright at the garden foot to-night. Say you will come, little dear one.”

The young man's voice was pleading. The girl clinched her hands tightly in the long sleeves of her kimono. Her face was pale.

“Yes,” she whispered. “I will come. Better death with the fox-people than life without you. Yes, yes!”

The rich scent of tropical bloom weighted

the night-air. Hillside and marsh were dark, and against their blackness, here, there, everywhere, flashed brilliant points of light, red, yellow—the lanterns of the Kitsune.

Upon the shadowy veranda of the little Japanese house was Tsuro-san crouched alone in a dark corner unheeding the chatter of others. Her tiny hands were cold and damp; her face was pale. Her eyes followed the dancing lights that sparkled among the dark trees on the hillside or moved steadily along the marsh at the garden's foot.

“Look at the Kitsune, the fox-people!” It was the aunt's voice that came to her as in a dream, warning the children against the treacherous lights. “They have lighted



the tips of their tails and by the flames they hunt everywhere for victims. See them search and search! Ah, it will be in vain. None is unwise enough to follow their dancing lights. 'Irrashai! Irrashai!' they call softly; but no one will go. No, for he who goes with the Kitsune never comes back, or only his soulless body with the fox inside, barking, barking."

The tiny figure in the dark corner crouched lower and shivered in the warm air, all the terror of her childhood upon her.

Again, in an awe-struck undertone, came the voice:

"And he who heeds not the warning, who is reckless and will go—ah, then a beautiful lady in a dark kimono comes to meet him, swinging her painted lantern and saying softly, 'Irrashai, irrashai'; and if he goes in a dark place, suddenly the light will go out, great hairy arms will crush him, a cold, furry touch will be at his throat, and then—then he will be dead under the bamboo. Ah, the wicked Kitsune!"

The children crept closer to the mother. All were silent watching the sparkling lights, the will-o'-the-wisps of Japan. Not one on the balcony would have dared venture to the garden's foot, bound as they were by a superstition centuries old—not one—no, at that moment not even the little maid in the corner. The superstitious training of years had overwhelmed the faint light of Christian teaching. Only an occasional night-bird's note or a sharp sound from the village echoed by far-off Kodama, the tree-spirit, broke the silence. A small, trembling hand in the veranda corner drew from its flowered sleeve a bit of painted tissue-paper, a scripture from the Buddhist priest to ward off evil. The shaking fingers compressed it to a pill, a red mouth closed over it, and Tsuro-san swallowed the Buddhist gofu, while a prayer arose from her fear-tortured soul to the Christians' god for protection from the Kitsune, calling in terror upon the new God yet daring not to slight the old. The horrors of superstition were too great for her weak soul to overcome. Friji-moti might conquer them—indeed, had—but he was a man and strong. He was going now a missionary to another island, and she

—no, she could not go with him. Her uncle would not give up a servant whose wages were so little, whose services so great. Then, too, he was a Buddhist and cursed the Christians. If she married the missionary, her uncle would kill her, even if he had to follow her to the far-off island to do it. He had said so. Oh, but she hated him, hated them all. It was not what the mission had taught, yet she could not help it. She would never stay, never. But the Kitsune! She was cold; she shuddered. A clammy touch seemed to grasp her throat.

Then through her mind once more shot the picture of the unhappy future if her courage failed.

"No, no," she muttered. "Better lie dead under the bamboos!"

She grasped a railing and forced herself, trembling, to her feet. The lights swam before her.

"Look!" It was her aunt's voice. "How near they come, there at the garden foot!"

Yes, there, dancing and flashing, Tsuro-san saw them—and one far in advance of the others! The tiny hands clinched fiercely in the long sleeves—what if it should not be he? Then the red mouth settled to firmness.

A swift patter of straw slippers sounded down the garden walk. "It is Tsuro-san!" shrieked the uncle. "The Kitsune have bewitched her!" And they, too, pattered down the path, calling, commanding, beseeching the fleeing girl. Tsuro-san fled the faster. The Kitsunebi flashed around her, and those behind saw a fluttering dark kimono, a painted lantern, heard Friji-moti's soft "Irrashai! Irrashai!" and fled shrieking.


Before the sun the Kitsunebi vanished. Under the bamboos far and near, the villagers searched vainly for the cold form with the ugly mark at its throat.

"She is not dead," they said. "Her body will come back, but not her soul—only the fox-soul, barking, barking."

Days passed, years: she did not come. When nights are dark and marsh gases rise, the villagers huddle together and in awe-stricken voices tell the terrible fate of Tsuro-san, bewitched by the Kitsune.

# THE SOUL OF MOZART.

BY W.E.P. FRENCH.



**Y**OU are the stenographer? Very good. Nurse, you may go. Take this, please, exactly as I dictate it. In the fall of 1891, I, Stephen Van Ingen, person of leisure and student of the violin, met at the Players' Club in New York a very charming old man, music-mad like myself. It chanced that we had studied under the same master at Munich, though nearly thirty years apart; and common interests, associations and traditions in things harmonic paved the way to an acquaintance that ripened rapidly. His wife, a handsome, stately gentlewoman of the ultra-conservative type, was with him in the city, and, by his invitation, I called upon her and spent two or three agreeable evenings with them at their hotel. She was intensely race-proud, absolutely tone-deaf and cherished for all musicians, including her husband, a wondering, tolerant pity. While I never heard her say so in so many words, I feel sure that she thoroughly acquiesced in the saying of the famous Frenchman that "music is spoiled silence," and endorsed that other bit of clever philistinism, "The piano is a very much underestimated instrument: it has

wondrously enhanced the value of silence."

However, though I played, and had had a maternal grandmother of no especial pretension to birth, who had been a noted concert-singer, my father's people were of a good Albany family; so the old lady graciously overlooked the fact that my ancestress had sung on the stage, as well as my own unfortunate tendency to create friction between horsehair and catgut, and very cordially joined in her husband's invitation to me to visit them in their country home before the holidays. No date was set, but late in November a bulky telegram was brought me, which read:—

"Will you not come to us on the 1st? The musical sensation of your life and the century awaits you. Come by the morning train. I have the symphony in C with the fugue, and you shall play it on my pet Amati. We lunch at one and dine at seven. There shall be a German dinner in honor of the sensation, and we shall drink to it and to her in Assmannhäuser Auslese. The marvel will be in the evening, but we shall have a harmonious afternoon. Bring a large trunk and your Stradivarius, for you must make a long stay."

Then followed a funny sentence in

German, of which, as well as of the name of the wonderful red Rhine wine, the operator had made a sad mess; but I recognized at once the choleric entreaty of our old music-master, a literal translation being, "Dear Mr. God in Heaven! can I not make you accelerate yourself?" I laughed over the memories evoked, and I was amused by the despatch. Who but a musician, with a fine and lofty disregard for dirty money, would send such a voluminous telegram? Yet, my heart was warmed and touched by it, too; for the rare lavishness seemed the grace-note of a beautiful old-fashioned hospitality, softening the vulgar rag-time of our brutal commercialism; and I treated myself to the luxury of a comfortably courteous number of words in my acceptance by wire.

I endeavored to "accelerate myself," and a few mornings later I took the train for the pretty colonial town on the west shore of the Hudson, near which was my friend's home. It was the first day of December, 1891, brilliant, cold and clear. At the station my host met me, and I was presently seated in a roomy sleigh of Russian make, drawn by three fine horses hitched abreast, who covered in an hour the twelve miles of road through the hills that led to our destination.

"Beautiful beasts, aren't they?" said my friend, as he urged them a bit.

"They are matched and gaited to a semitone," I acquiesced. "Is the gray mare, as usual, the better horse?"

"Yes; she is thoroughbred; the others are trotting-stock, and when my lady takes a notion to run they are outclassed. Here is a level bit. See!" He spoke to the team and let them out. The mare at once took up a long smooth gallop and the horses trotted easily abreast of her, pulling evenly. The pace was very fast, but it was nothing to what they could do, as I soon learned. There was a shrill whistle, followed by a report like a pistol-shot from the long whip. The mare flung herself into her tremendous stride, and the gallant beasts beside her trotted their hardest, but she was pulling the sleigh. Another instant and they broke, and the three straining animals were in a mad run. It was very exciting and exhilarating, with a good spice of danger thrown in; but the bound-

ing creature in the middle was leading and evidently enjoying herself, while her running-mates were straining every nerve to keep out of the way of the sleigh.

As the gait slackened, and they fell into a walk before a long hill-climb, I inquired as to the nature of the sensation promised in the telegram.

"There are two," said my host, patting the steaming horses with his whipstock—neither he nor I then dreaming of the others that fate was preparing for us. "The first is a great musician, the finest instrumentalist of our day. She is past-grand-mistress of the organ, the harp and the piano. In touch and technique she is without a peer, in expression and execution she is faultless, and she not only grasps but can convey the subtlest shades of meaning in the works of the great composers."

"Who and whence is this miracle?" I asked, as he paused.

"She is Aloysia Weber, of Munich, the great-great-granddaughter of the woman of the same name who was Mozart's first love and whose sister he married. She is, also, a pupil of our old master, and it was at his house Mrs. Hasbrouck and I saw her first when we were abroad five years ago. Have I excited your curiosity?"

"You have indeed," I replied; "I am all ears."

"You will be all eyes, too, my boy," put in Mr. Hasbrouck, "and I predict a tumble for you, Mr. Brave Bachelor."

"Forewarned is forearmed," quoth I, hanging on with both hands, as the sleigh, bounding from a "thank-you-ma'am," took a longer flight than usual.

When my host had reduced the gait to that of an ordinary express-train, my breath came back to me, and I made inquiry as to the second sensation.

"It is a marvel just as Aloysia is. She has not seen it yet, but I shall spring it on her this evening." He paused, then resumed thoughtfully: "It is queer how things sometimes happen in this strange muddle of a world—queer and uncanny. Last year, in Vienna, I attended an auction-sale of curios and bought, among other things, a very good bit of woodcarving, a small music-cabinet, on the door of which is a cleverly done Pan and pipes, the reeds at his feet twisted into the date '1756'

and the vignette 'J. C. W. A. M.' Do you place the initials?"

"What a piece of luck!" I exclaimed—"Johannes Chrysostomos Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and the year of his birth. You must have paid a long price for it."

"No, I got it for a song. It was fearfully dirty, and so decrepit that I sent it to a shop in Albany to be set up. Thereby hangs the discovery. The cabinet-maker—an honest man—found a false back in it and tucked away therein a flat packet, sealed, initialed, and dated less than a month before Mozart's death. There were also a few lines on the wrapper, faint and shaky, and the writing was blistered here and there, as if with tears. Somehow, the words seem to have taken a strong hold on me. And, oh, the pity of it!—to think that the dying message and the love-song of one of the world's greatest masters of melody should have failed to reach the woman he worshiped." We were both silent a moment, then the dear old man, with a little catch in his voice, repeated in German the inscription from the wrapper, which, freely translated, was as follows:—

"Thou, best beloved and adored, to whom I gave my love and my idolatry, to thee I give this the last music that my hand shall ever write, and in it I have striven to put the soul-worship of thy lover and a hope that shall outlive death. No one hath seen this score, save Goethe only, and the words he hath written to my poor song shall reach thee by another means with information how thou mayest—" There, as he told me, the writing ceased.

For a little time there were no sounds other than the rhythmical hoof-beats, the jangle of the bells and the steady swish of the runners. Then my companion voiced my own thought:

"They were meant for his wife's sister. When the end is near, a man's thoughts fly back to his first love. A century ago! Perhaps she has heard in that other land we guess so much about the music we shall hear to-night and the words we shall never hear, played on instruments we know not of and sung by voices immortally sweet."

We were skimming up an avenue of sugar-maples, and before us was the big, hip-roofed, much-verandaed old house, so overgrown with ivy that the rough gray

stone of its walls was but little in evidence.

Mrs. Hasbrouck met and welcomed me in the spacious hall where the cheerful glow from a huge fire of chestnut logs fell with loving benison on Flemish oak and Spanish leather, and flickered in rosy content from the copper sides of a tall, slim, cylindrical vessel with an absurdly long handle that stood half buried in the glowing wood-embers. There was a delicious and alluring smell in the air, which I presently perceived came from the bubbling contents of the copper pot, and my mental analysis of the ingredients had just begun, when my host advanced toward the fire, rubbing his hands and quoting:—

"Nose! Nose! Nose! Nose!"

And what gave thee that jolly red nose?  
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmeg and cloves,  
And they gave me my jolly red nose."

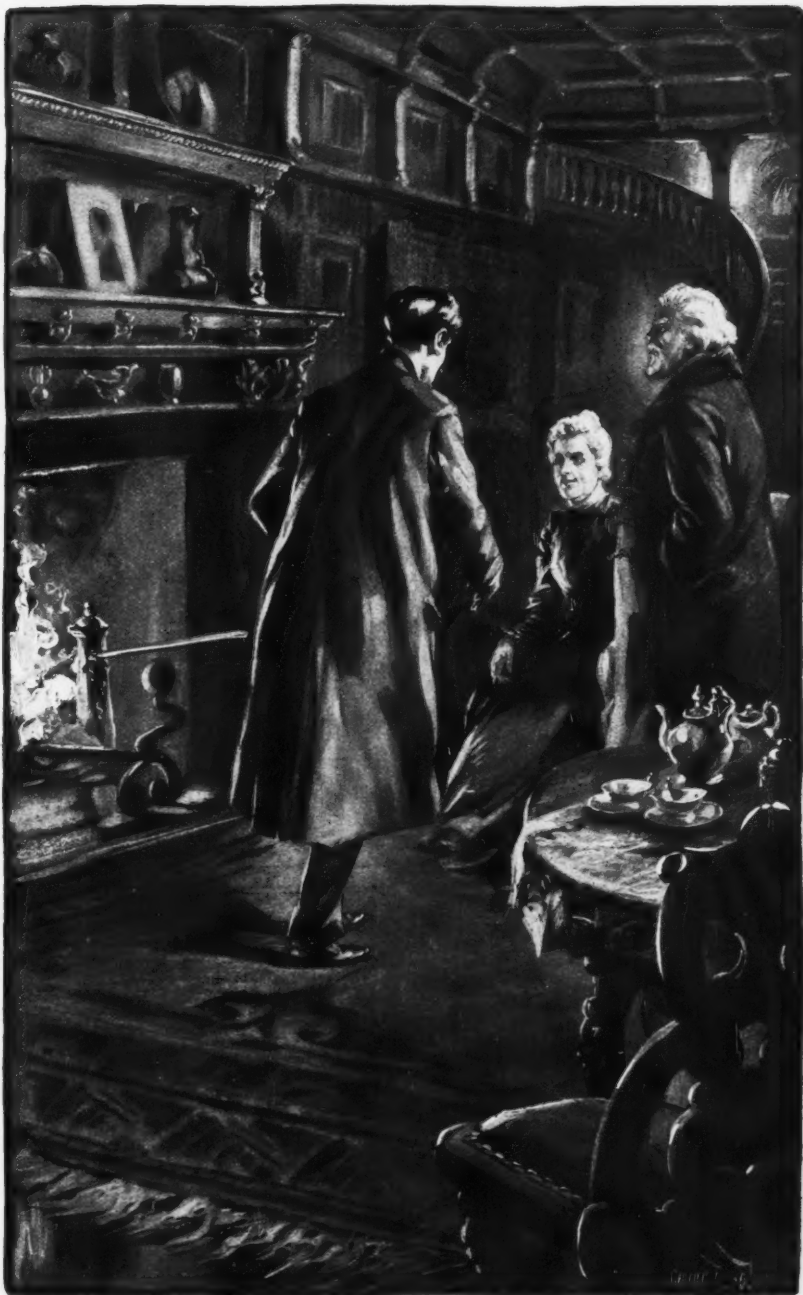
"I hope you like mulled Burgundy, old fellow, and that the long drive has created a 'right spot' for it?"

I assented eagerly; and he, still talking, and suiting the action to the word, finished a very interesting bit of cookery:

"This recipe was revealed to me by the shade of Bacchus in a vision. You bring a quart of Burgundy, a little sugar, a twist of lemon-peel and a couple of wineglassfuls of spiced rum to a boil; rub a red-hot poker over a bit of clean stick to get off the ashes, and plunge it, thus, to the bottom of the brew, which burns off the excess of alcohol in this pretty violet flame and is, besides, 'mellerin' to the organ.' Then you pour the heated liquid into these three tall thin tumblers, in each of which, you perceive, is a small piece of roasted apple and a scrap of toast; hand the glasses, muffled in napkins, to your victims; and drink, as I do to you, dear guest—a welcome as warm as the wine."

I long to dwell on these dear, generous, hospitable people and their ideal home, wherein everything was for use, comfort and beauty, and nothing for show; but I have my story to tell and the time is short. Miss Weber, I learned, had been summoned to New York to confer with her manager, but would return that afternoon.

After luncheon, Mr. Hasbrouck and I sneaked off to the music-room, a large octagon in a tower wing, walls and ceiling paneled in lustrous white walnut, the



*Drawn by George T. Tobin.*

"MRS. HASBROUCK . . . WELCOMED ME IN THE SPACIOUS HALL."

shadow-boxes of perhaps a dozen pictures (a spirited Orpheus holding spell-bound with his lyre a fawn and a panther, an exquisite Sappho, and several portraits of the famous composers) sunk flush with the wood, and little other ornament, save an oriel-window in stained glass on either side of the great organ whose pipes towered to the lofty ceiling. There I was shown the marvelous manuscript so long lost to the world, and there my host and I amused ourselves with sonata, aria and scherzo until it was time for him to start for the station to meet Miss Weber. We had hardly begun to play, when there was a soft thud against one of the windows and the insistent cry of a cat demanding to be let in. Mr. Hasbrouck laughed, said, "I might have known Wolfgang would insist on joining us," rose, and raised the sash. The cat marched sedately in, and leaping to the top of a music-stool, crouched there, surveying us gravely and calmly. A superb beast, dignified and irresponsible, with a coat like that of a silver-tip bear—black as jet, but sprinkled all over with snow-white hairs somewhat longer than the soft, close coat of inky fur, making the animal look as though he had been lightly powdered. I don't like cats, but this one was extraordinarily large and curiously beautiful. His gray hairs, I presumed, indicated extreme age, and I inquired if he was not the Methuselah of his race.

"No," responded my host, picking up his violin; "he is only about five years old, and, barring his size, he looks just as he did when we got him as a kitten in Salzburg. We named him Wolfgang partly because he came from Mozart's birthplace; partly because, while he was still a round pufball playing with strings, he would leave his milk to listen to music, and would yowl like a little black demon over persistent false notes or a discord. Play a little Chopin or Bach, then a bar or two of Mozart, and see what happens."

I began a favorite passage of mine from the delicious Eleventh Nocturne, covertly watching the cat. He was evidently pleased, his eyelids opening and closing softly, his tail slightly tremulous, and the deepest purr I have ever heard coming out of him. I changed suddenly to the selection from the mass we had been playing,

and my host joined in. The purring ceased, the vibrant tail was still, and the unwinking eyes watched us intently. The animal seemed not to breathe, and appeared to listen in every hair.

Mr. Hasbrouck is an exceedingly good violinist, so I was much surprised when, after a particularly difficult passage, which he had rendered with great accuracy and brilliance, his bowing suddenly became jerky, then lagged, and, finally, there was the jar of a false note.

The effect on our small audience was immediate and electrical. He sprang to his feet with a quick snarl; his eyes, which a moment before had been narrow onyx ellipses in disks of tourmalin, were balls of tawny, smoldering fire ringed with emerald; his tail was a club; his ears were flattened against his head; one spiteful paw was raised with every claw showing; and through his sharp, bared teeth he spat and hissed at us. We both ceased playing, and Mr. Hasbrouck spoke kindly and soothingly to the excited and angry animal; but he snarled again, leaped to the floor and disappeared, in offended majesty, under a divan, whence every blandishment to persuade him to come out was met by sulkily growls. The whole performance was unusual and bizarre, and touched one's sense of the ludicrous; but wonder, pity and an ill-defined uneasiness were among my emotions, and, dominating all else, an unmotivated desire to hunt the thing out of the room.

My host's bow was going again, and softly, tenderly there floated through the splendid room in delicate minors a lovely little German lullaby. The low tones ceased, and he turned to me with a half-laugh and an apologetic tone in his voice.

"Poor old Wolfgang! I always play that after I have teased him. Do you know, I sometimes wonder if Pythagoras did not make a shrewd guess at the truth in his theory of the transmigration of souls."

"My dear sir," I remarked with some heat, "no human soul ever emitted such sounds or had such a temper as that cat. I will admit, if you choose, that he is possessed of a devil, and an uncommonly dangerous and vicious one. If I were blessed with a quadruped of like disposition, I



should find means to induce it to rush violently down a steep place and perish in the sea." There was a peculiarly vindictive growl from the basement of the divan, as I finished.

"Take care!" cautioned the old gentleman. "He knows, as well as a deaf person, when he is being discussed; but there is no real harm in him.—It is just the musical temperament," he added dryly.

We played until time to start for the station, when, being left to my own devices, I had a pleasant chat with Mrs. Hasbrouck, and retired to the library to write a letter. Later, I went to my room, and had hardly begun to dress for dinner, when the sleigh arrived. A stud, escaping from my fingers with the total depravity inherent in its kind, concealed itself with such malicious intelligence that the resultant game of hide-and-seek considerably delayed me. As I descended the stairs, a master-hand was extemporizing exquisitely on the harp. Miss Weber was alone in the music-room; and I stood for a moment in the doorway, drinking in the delicious harmony and watching eagerly the gracious picture she made standing by the most graceful of all instruments. She was in the full, strong light of the high organ-lamps, I in the shadow of the arched doorway. I caught my breath at her loveliness. She was a tall woman, deep-bosomed, round-throated, full-armed, brunette-skinned. Her hair, a deep brownish-red, was loosely puffed around her face in the manner of the charming Potocka of the Berlin gallery. Her eyes, a shade or two darker, but unmistakably reddish, were long and deeply lashed. Her mouth, large, generous, full-lipped, was richly colored and charming in contour. What her other features were, I don't know or care. Beautiful hair, eyes and mouth make a beautiful woman, and she had the added bounties of coloring and outline. Ravishingly sweet as was the theme she was extemporizing, and strongly though it moved me, I realized, with a sudden startled tightening about the heart, that there might be a more imperious passion than music.

It occurred to me finally that I had no business to lurk in the semidarkness of the archway glaring at that sumptuous symphony in red and creamy flesh-tones—I for-

got to say that her dinner-gown was red—so I pulled myself together and came forward. Her hands fell from the strings, and she advanced to meet me with pleasant directness, saying in quaintly slow, painstaking English, burred with a pretty German accent, "This is Mr. Van Ingen, iss it not?"—adding, as I admitted my identity and expressed my pleasure at meeting her, "I feel that I know you yet—no, *already*—through our so kind hosts who have told much to me of yourself and of your playing."

I bowed my thanks, and, as I did so, I became conscious of a pair of coldly intent eyes watching me from behind Miss Weber. They were those of that infernal cat, seated on the trail of her gown and as close to her as he could get. "Scat!" I cried, but the brute never stirred, and the beautiful woman, making a caressing movement of her hand toward him, said kindly: "Ah, never mind; he does not trouble me. Wolfgang and I are good friends." Then in German: "Are we not, thou ink-spot?" The great black creature fawned at her, standing on his hind legs and rubbing his whiskered muzzle against her hand, while he purred like an electric fan. I hated to see the thing near her, and I was sick to kill it then and there.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasbrouck came in, and dinner was announced shortly after. It was a very good dinner, and the noble red wine in which we toasted one another and the kindly, quick-tempered old man who had taught three of us made it a jolly occasion.

Mr. Hasbrouck was plainly anxious to get back to the music-room, and before our cigars were fairly finished, he moved an adjournment thereto. As the ladies went on ahead of us, he came a little closer to me and whispered: "I am not going to give her the manuscript score till the night of the 5th, just a century after Mozart's death. We will make a centennial celebration of it." I acquiesced half-heartedly, for I was impatient to hear it, and, stepping quickly forward to pick up my hostess' handkerchief, trod on that ubiquitous and damnable cat, which let loose a most astounding squall and sought sanctuary in Miss Weber's arms, who comforted and petted the black devil. I thought she

would never put it down, but she did at last, and began to play for us. It was, indeed, both sensation and marvel. I have heard nearly all the great players of the world, but never anything like her wonderful fingering. Her instrumentation was simply marvelous, her feeling perfect, her interpretation a revelation of harmony's deepest meaning. Then she sang to our violins, mainly the folk-songs of her fatherland; but, now and again, Elsa, Brunhilde and Isolde "made the common air blossom with melody." What a voice she had! Clear, deep, vibrant, full-volumed, soft as sleep, and with an added bell-like resonance that lingered in the room when the rounded white throat had ceased to swell with the bubbling notes.

But for Wolfgang, who hung about her like her shadow, it would have been an evening of unalloyed happiness. Looking back on it, I know it to have been the happiest but one, and the most wonderful but one, of all my life.

Before I fell asleep that night, I knew that I loved Aloysia Weber, loved her with all my heart and soul, as I had never cared for any other woman, and as I could never care again. When to a man of thirty-five whose life has been full and rounded, there comes love for a mature, beautiful woman in whom he fancies he will find nearly perfect comradeship, the subtle poison takes hold of brain and blood, of sense and senses, and becomes a part of the ego of the man. I loved her so.

The next three days were dreamland. We were much together, she and I; for Mr. Hasbrouck was away part of the time, and Mrs. Hasbrouck (God bless her!) invented duties and headaches and siestas until her conscience must have atrophied. Her good husband let the cat out of the bag one afternoon (when he should have been putting that other cat *in* a bag, and the bag through a hole in the ice), as the dear old lady, after yawning elaborately behind her fan, said, "John. I think the young people will excuse us if we take our nap."

"Our nap!" repeated her liege lord, in funnily aggrieved surprise. "Why, my dear, I never knew you to lie down in the afternoon. I have been trying to induce you to for forty years."

Aloysia blushed divinely, and said, in a

deliciously quaint and embarrassed mixture of English and German, that she supposed she ought to rest too, and that perhaps she was keeping poor Mr. Van Ingen up.

"Nonsense, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Hasbrouck promptly. "It is a wicked waste of time for any one but old folks. Mr. Hasbrouck"—looking at him severely—"is pleased to be facetious. I *always* sleep between meals."

Mr. Hasbrouck endeavored to indulge in a pleasantry to the effect that the meals were dinner and breakfast, but his wife was too quick for him, and, with a muttered phrase that sounded like, "Was there ever anything so stupid as a man?" she took his arm and marched him off.

A silence hung for a few minutes between Aloysia and me. Then I went over to where she sat, her beautiful eyes troubled yet shyly tender, and told her that I loved her dearly, dearly, and asked her to be my wife. Was there ever another woman so frank and brave and sweet, so quick to give? She leaned toward me with a little tender sound, half sigh, half sob; and, kneeling, I held her close and heard her whisper in her own tongue: "I love thee. Thou hast all my heart." Ah! the dear familiar "thee" and "thou"! A moment before, I had been one of many. Now I was one only—hers—and the rest of the world shut out. The man who has never heard the woman he loves change for him from the plural to the singular pronoun has missed a joy than which life holds few sweeter.

Yes, we had known each other three days only, but there is no fixed period for the growth of love—

"The immortals know each other at first sight,  
And love is of them."

How she played and sang to us that evening! And the beauty and the glory and the witchery of it all, the passionate softness of the organ tremolo, the ringing staccato of the harp, the piano's great crashing chords, the new caressing thrill in the dear voice, and the exultant happiness of the lovely woman, were for me, for me, for me—they were mine, all mine! The soul of my love was speaking to mine in the universal language—music, the soul's speech. And did my violin tell



Drawn by George T. Tobin.

"JOHN, I THINK THE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL EXCUSE US IF WE TAKE OUR NAP."

you, dear, of the love your lover could not put in words? You told me so, my sweet, my sweet, when you stole back for my good-night kiss.

There was no shadow on my heart that night, for the black brute that I hated and feared was sick—sick unto death, I hoped. But the next day broke coldly damp, overcast, and gloomily still. A storm was brewing, and there was an eery feeling in the air. I could not shake off the sense of oppression with which I awoke. The malign spell of the weather was upon us all, I found, when we gathered at breakfast. Ah! it was a miserable day, an accursed day, a day that smelled of evil and death and disaster. I wondered that the horror that lay hidden within it did not make the hours shriek with the birth-pang of the unthinkable thing they were to bring forth.

However, the household had pulled itself together somewhat by dinner, at which I noticed that every one drank more wine than usual, and we sat at the table for over two hours, the time being prolonged by an extraordinary and very heady punch that our host made for us out of black coffee, burnt brandy and Burgundy.

It was nearly ten that evening when we entered the music-room. Mr. Hasbrouck went at once to the cabinet, and telling again, very rapidly, what he knew of its history, took out the manuscript and gave it to Aloysia. She grew very white as she read the inscription, and gasped out in German: "My God! my God! it is the lost music, the score that Mozart wrote for my grandmother's grandmother, the words for which have been handed down for five generations in the female line. I have them here. They have never been sung. It is a tradition—a command—we were to wait for this. And I am to sing them to-night—a hundred years from the day when he died."

She hurried from the room, and when she returned went straight to the great organ, with just one loving, imploring glance at me. She pulled the lever of the hydraulic blower, spread the two manuscripts open on the rack and began to play.

A noble prelude, pulsing, blood-stirring, heart-stilling, the overture to the greatest masterpiece of melody ever dreamed in a

human brain. And then a song: a miracle in words wedded to a miracle in sound; a thing so ineffably, unhumanly beautiful that we hushed our very breaths to hear; a song of love and longing, of grief and joy, of pain and parting, of loss and death; a thing weird, awful, exquisite, throbbing through the great room, flooding the whole house, drowning the howl of the storm that raged without, filling the shuddering air with its mad, passionate protest, whispering of fear and of hope, sobbing with the despair of a lost soul, and thundering in fierce, magnificent crescendo love's final triumph over time and fate and death.

She ceased, stepped down from the platform, moved over to one of the great bronze lamps, and stood, holding its massive pillar in one slender hand, the other, with the manuscript in it, pressed to her bosom, her eyes wide with emotion and listening, waiting terror.

Merciful God! what was that cry outside, mingling with the shriek of the wind? The scream of a cat? The single German word, thrice repeated, that ended the song—"Come! come! come!"? Oh, horror beyond words to paint! that was it—the voice of a brute become articulate. Then the crash of glass, as the thin center of the oriel-window gave way under the impact of a heavy body, and the great cat hurled itself at the white throat of the woman I loved. She gave one agonized cry as the beast struck her, and reeled backward, dragging over as she fell the huge lamp that crushed out her sweet life. The cat had enough vitality left to bite me savagely as I tore it from her and killed it. My love died in my arms, and, though she could not speak, I know that she is still all mine, and that I shall have her soon; for they tell me I am dying from blood-poisoning from the bite. Well, let them think that if they choose, and that may be in part the cause, but a man may not live loving the dead as I love her.

They gave me the music and the words, and I burnt them both.

And now, before you call the nurse, give me my dear old violin and hold me up, for love is stronger than death and my sweet can hear me when I play.

## THE STORY OF A SCENTED NOTE.

BY MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

### I.

LADY PONTEFRACT had secured one of the few chairs in the room, and young Rivington was administering tea. Nearly all young men, if they were worth anything, liked Lady Pontefract, who was a Countess frankly old, faded and gray-haired, kind-hearted and intelligent.

She and Rivington, having effected the transfer of tea and cake, critically considered the people drifting about them.

"Fewer beauties than when I was young," observed her ladyship, "and more dyed hair."

"Oh, that is Miss Delamere," said Willie Rivington, as a pretty person with Titian locks and an enormous hat came by. "She plays at one of those theaters which you never patronize."

"Another innovation!—all these actresses, I mean. Now, I wonder whether Miss Delamere was invited to meet me, or I was invited to meet Miss Delamere?" The old lady laughed softly.

"What do you think, Mr. Rivington?" (She never addressed her young friends more familiarly than that, and in an age when Christian names fly about like gnats in summer, this alone would have distinguished her.)

"Oh," said Willie. "Miss Delamere is an accident. You are the regular order of things."

"It is the accidents that make the big head-lines in the papers!" said Lady Pontefract.

The hostess, a New England woman long since transplanted, was hanging on Miss Delamere's arm. She would not have hung on the arms of the unsuccessful Miss Delameres; there are too many of them to be interesting.

"There," said Rivington, "there's beauty if you like!" and he leaned forward eagerly out of his corner to look. "Two lovely berries molded on one stem," he quoted.

"The Dashwoods," said Lady Pontefract, with a certain dryness. "Very pretty—but sugar is out of fashion."

The two women who were approaching were of exactly the same height, and apparently of the same age.

"Like twins, aren't they?" whispered Willie.

The elder—at least the one who looked a shade less young than the other—had masses of flaxen hair, small, delicate features and large gray eyes. Her complexion, seen through a spotted net-veil, looked as fine and brilliant as that of a child. She was dressed in a simple black-velvet gown which opened to show a loose blouse of white lace, and a large white-fox boa and muff relieved the costume of somberness.

Her companion was a real Greuze maiden, with tender pastel tints—blue-gray eyes swimming in light, and sunny brown hair untortured by the prevailing artificial undulations.

The pair halted beside Lady Pontefract.

"You here, dear Lady Pontefract!" said Mrs. Dashwood. "How nice to have got a seat! I *do* hope you're not bored?" and she looked as tenderly responsible as if the function then in progress were in her own house.

"Not while I have Mr. Rivington near me," said her ladyship.

"How sweet of you to say so! Aren't you awfully proud?" and Mrs. Dashwood turned to Rivington.

Before he could reply, Lady Pontefract said to the young girl:

"My dear, do you like parties? This is your first season, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the child. "I am rather shy still, but I like going about with dear mama."

"Sweet thing!" murmured mama, patting the girl's shoulder. "Millicent is so young for her age. She would never go anywhere if I didn't persuade her to, just to take care of me."

"You must go home, darling," said Miss Dashwood. "You know you must rest before dinner. I want you to look your best to-night."

And with a pair of honeyed smiles, and gentle inclinations of the head, the couple glided away.

"How delightful!" cried Rivington.

"How disgusting!" observed the Countess.

In the brougham, dear mama said:

"Dearest, what were the Bagshots saying about Roger Wentworth?"

Millicent's face was averted. For a moment she did not answer.

"Are you asleep, love?" asked her mother, with the sweetness of heavily sugared lemonade in her voice.

Millicent turned her head to the beautiful, violet-scented person beside her.

"They said," she answered in a low tone, "that Mr. Wentworth was in town—but that he was less accessible than the King. Every one wants to get him to go to their houses—to give him dinners—to make much of him—but he insists on being quiet and leading his own life. He doesn't wish to know people."

"Curious!" said Mrs. Dashwood. "Yet he dined last week with the Duchess of Helmerdale."

"Ah, but she has been an intimate friend of his for twenty years, Mrs. Bagshot says. She says that he cares nothing for women; he likes children—and young girls."

The last words came softly and with a pause before them.

"How sweet to be a young girl!" murmured Mrs. Dashwood; and underneath the fragrant velvet and lace, shot a pang of envy.

That evening Millicent superintended her mother's dressing.

"Isn't mama *too* lovely!" she said to the maid, when Mrs. Dashwood stood under the electric light, a marvelous proof of what nature and art can accomplish when they collaborate.

"Some one else is lovely too, miss!" said the maid, with complimentary intent. Millicent glanced in the mirror—at her own reflection, but she was curiously devoid of vanity.

"Ah!" she said, with generous admiration, "I shall never be like mama!"

And mama, once more in the brougham, exhaling violets and rolling away to sprinkle the world with sweetness, had only one thought.

She was saying to herself, "He cares only for children—and young girls."

## II.

Roger Wentworth had been for ten years writing books. Most of them were so good that they were not extensively read. But one day he published a novel called "Potentialities," and became popular. The book was not a success, like many other books, because it was tawdry and cheap and melodramatic. It had all the delicate perfection of his earlier work, which had for years charmed and amazed the elect; but, in addition, it had the unerring insight of a noble mind, the sympathy of a beautiful soul, the human warmth of a tender heart; and through it all, in and out of the serious problems with which it dealt, trickled and brimmed and sparkled that exquisite humor which is the rarest of gifts—as unlike smart modern wit as the white hedge violet is unlike an artificial poppy.

Wentworth was a man who shrank from publicity. It annoyed him that papers should suddenly send men to interview him. He could not understand why people who cared for his book should want to know what he ate for breakfast. He lived, hidden away as much as might be, in an old Tudor house many miles from London. It gave him real pain when he discovered that his home, and incidentally himself, had been "snap-shotted" and published in an illustrated paper.

"Mr. Roger Wentworth in his rose-garden, with Brinscombe Hall in the background," was the legend beneath the picture. For a long time afterward Wentworth felt a vague dislike for the rose-garden. It was no longer his own—the public shared it with him. He, who had always given the best that was in him, was almost stunned by this sudden overpowering success. He saw himself in print compared to the few acknowledged geniuses of his profession, with hysterical acclamations hailed their superior. As for him, he knew that he had gone through the ordeal which brings out a man's greatness—he had suffered, and he had toiled.

He was never satisfied; nothing he did was good enough. He could not imagine himself posing before the camera for a series of pictures: Roger Wentworth reflecting on a new plot; Roger Wentworth taking a walk; Roger Wentworth digging



in the garden—cutting down a tree—anything and everything which the consummate self-advertising makers of fat volumes do to order, so that the greedy public which buys their books may become familiar with every trick of the hand, every roll of the eye. He was, in brief, a modest gentleman. In the early spring, when for some months "Potentialities" had been the favorite drawing-room topic, he found it expedient to visit London. He left his flowers with real regret. The bulbs which he had planted with his own hands were sending up green shoots. His apple-trees were budding; already the grass was full of golden and mauve crocuses. London was grievous to him; but alike to the dreamer and to the man of action comes the pressure of affairs. So he came, and found that London was waiting for him. His visit, for society's sake, was a timely one. The war was dragging on, and had almost ceased to be interesting. The making of khaki helmets and comforters was beginning to pall; times were dull. A petted American actor had just gone home, and could be pursued no more. There was no big divorce case on just then; it was some time since a high-kicking lady had kicked so high that she dislodged a marquis' coronet, which fell at her feet. The smart world was ready for a new sensation. It had for years done something for music, and was always dry-nursing the stage, so that these had become old stories. Altogether, it thought it was about time to be kind to literature. So when Roger Wentworth came to town, society tried to receive him with open arms. The arms remained open, for they were empty. Wentworth refused the embrace, or rather he ignored it; and in consequence he became more and more desirable. Every one who had the slightest claim on his recollection wrote and invited him to dinner. People who had never seen him asked for his autograph; some gushing women even prayed for a picture of him. Wentworth had not brought a secretary with him, and now had reason to regret the omission. The notes of strangers all went into the wastepaper baskets—until one day. Wentworth was at the breakfast-table in his private sitting-room, at his hotel. Amid the pile of envelopes was a little mauve one smell-

ing very faintly of violets. The color was his favorite one, the scent the one he liked best, and together they suggested the flower he loved most. He opened the cover.

"DEAR MR. WENTWORTH:" the letter ran, in clear, beautiful writing.

"You shall not be troubled with apologies, though I know that I ought to ask your forgiveness for sending you this note. I am only a young girl, whom you will probably never meet; but you have made all life seem different to me—by your wonderful book, 'Potentialities.' If I am ever to do anything—be anything—worthy of my ideal, it will be because that ideal has been given me by you. I have not the right to claim even five minutes of your time—the hours which mean so much to the world—to posterity; but I am brave enough to beg you just to write your name on this bit of paper and to slip it into the enclosed envelope. The man who wrote 'Potentialities' must be kind and generous, and he will surely not refuse to give happiness to a young girl. She thanks you in advance. MILLICENT DASHWOOD."

Of all the communications of the past ten days, this note alone captured Wentworth's attention. It seemed to be modest, unstudied, genuine. In many of the letters which he received, the request for an autograph was "the thin end of the wedge"—merely a first step toward trying to make his acquaintance. This girl, Millicent Dashwood, expressly said that he would never see her. Such is the contrariness of human nature, that Wentworth immediately felt that he wished to see her. A vision of the possible Millicent came between him and his breakfast. Very young, he thought, but wise beyond her years; probably lovely with the pathetic freshness of girlhood. The thought of the sweet young girl made him regret his loneliness. But, curiously enough, it was as the potential father that he felt the pang. It was some years since he had decided that it was too late to marry.

He rose from the table, crossed the room to reach pen and ink, and enclosed one of his best autographs in the envelope provided by Miss Dashwood. The little mauve missive he placed in his pocket.

Mrs. Dashwood had given orders that all letters were to be brought to her at once. When Wentworth's autograph arrived, it was captured by her before Millicent could see it. The mother smiled, and reflected that though girls were at times inconvenient, they certainly had their uses!

### III.

Lady Pontefract would be at home in a few minutes, the butler said. Would Mrs. Dashwood wait?

Mrs. Dashwood consented. In the dimly lighted drawing-room sat a man. A rustle of silk and a waft of violet perfume made him turn his head, and he saw the pretty creature enter and sit down. The fragrance recalled the unknown Millicent of whom he had been thinking.

Wentworth was always unconventional, as a gentleman can afford to be. When several minutes had slid away, he said: "I think Lady Pontefract will soon be here. She expected to be home for tea."

Mrs. Dashwood could see his profile against the window; it looked dark against the declining daylight—and it was strangely familiar.

"I will wait a few minutes, then," she said. She was trying to think where she had seen the face before; and then came a sudden illumination: "Mr. Wentworth in his rose-garden." If it should be! She trembled with satisfaction.

Wentworth rose and took a turn around the large room. All his long, lithe grace came into evidence when he moved. His figure matched well with his grave, thin face and deep eyes.

Mrs. Dashwood was almost sure now.

"Isn't it weary work to be in town in April?" he asked suddenly. "Ah, if Londoners knew what they miss!"

"You live in the country?" hazarded Mrs. Dashwood.

"All the year round."

Mrs. Dashwood took courage—she was never deficient in that quality!—and leaning forward, said, "Surely I am not mistaken—you are Mr. Roger Wentworth?"

"Yes," he said, simply. "Have I been rude enough to forget you? Have we met before? The room is rather dim."

"No, you don't know me; but of course

I, like all the world, know you through your books."

("The same old story!" he mentally ejaculated—then sharply reprovved himself for being bored.)

"My name," went on the pretty lady, "is Dashwood—Mrs. Dashwood."

Boredom fled away.

Wentworth approached with an almost eager gesture.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Dashwood—I know the name."

"I am peculiarly fortunate in having met you here," said Mrs. Dashwood. "I hope our dear Lady Pontefract may be a little late! There is something I must say to you."

Wentworth sat down opposite to her. His fate seemed surely entwined with the Dashwood family.

"Please say it," he said.

Mrs. Dashwood's eyes sank. She was lovely in her confusion.

"I was pained, astounded," she said, "to find that my child had written to you."

"Millicent?" The name came without his volition.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dashwood, her eyes still abased. "I need scarcely tell you that I was absolutely ignorant of it." Then she raised her eyes suddenly to his. "I am more than sorry. But she is very, very young—you must forgive her."

"She must be *very* young, if she is your daughter," said Wentworth. (Even a recluse must not disappoint a pretty lady.)

"She is even very young for her age," proceeded Mrs. Dashwood, passing over the sweet implication. "But she is curiously appreciative of all that is good in art" ("including her mother," thought Wentworth). "She has a shelf in her room full of the works of Meredith, Stevenson and—Wentworth"—this with a little movement of the head in his direction, and an indescribably charming smile.

"Oh, she knows what is good. But now, I think, she realizes that she should not have written. . . . However, I comforted her, poor child, and told her that you and she need never meet, and that you would soon forget it."

Wentworth sat with bent brows, his long, slim hand playing nervously with the fringe on the arm of his chair.

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Dashwood," he said. "I shall not forget it."

Mrs. Dashwood emitted a soft little sound indicative of nothing in particular.

"It was the sweetest note I ever received," continued Wentworth. "It made me long for a daughter. I am quite old enough, as you see, to have a grown-up daughter. Tell me, Mrs. Dashwood, is there any reason why your child and I should not meet?"

There was silence for a moment. Mrs. Dashwood's brain was very busy while she appeared to hesitate.

"Will you promise not to mention the note? She will be so unhappy! Remember, she is almost a child."

"I will promise. When may I come?"

"The sooner the better. Why not to-morrow?"

The pretty lady was suffused with gratification. The closing of the front door below, and a heavy tread on the stairs, announced the arrival of Lady Pontefract.

"At four to-morrow," said Wentworth. "I have the address."

#### IV.

Mrs. Dashwood lay in bed, with her head on a pink, muslin-covered pillow. She had breakfasted there; to this habit she attributed her wonderful freshness. She had no sympathy with those conscientious matrons who pulled themselves up on cold mornings, before the water in the bath-room pipes could possibly be warm, and descended, fully equipped for a long and trying day, to a dining-room which a recently kindled fire left chilly.

Millicent was in the habit of taking her morning meal in the old school-room alone. Afterward she always went to her mother to get her orders for the day. To-day she stood beside the white enameled bedstead in her usual respectful attitude, waiting for the oracle to speak. Mrs. Dashwood surveyed her with the impartial approval of the connoisseur, combined with the pride of the creator; yet with a subtle dissatisfaction. The girl looked radiantly fair. The woman who had lived for beauty—who considered it the most powerful lever with which to move the world—noted with a half-acknowledged pang the tints and the contours of youth.

Youth!—the great magic, the fleeting but all-powerful spell!

"Have you slept well, dearest?" asked Millicent.

"Fairly. You evidently did."

"Not as well as usual."

"Why, pet? What was the matter?"

Millicent's head drooped a little; the blood, which registered every change of feeling, deepened her color.

"I was reading rather late," she said.

"Rather a naughty habit, love. What was it? Meredith or Stevenson?"

The elder woman knew the answer.

"Mr. Wentworth," said Millicent.

Mrs. Dashwood smiled.

"How real it makes him, to call him 'Mister'!" she said. "Milly, what would you say if I told you that Roger Wentworth was coming to tea to-day?"

"Mother!"

There was something electric in the word.

"Yes, my dear, you will see your ideal in the flesh—such flesh as he has—he's very thin."

"You have seen him?"

"Naturally—or he wouldn't be coming here."

"And you didn't tell me?"

"I kept it as a surprise."

Millicent sank down upon the bed. She was frankly agitated.

"How does he look, mother?"

"Tall—over six feet, certainly—slim, and strong I should think—his face thin but beautifully modeled, the mouth particularly."

"And his hands, mother? I have particularly noticed them in the pictures; they are wonderful."

"Yes, his hands are perfect, and his nails admirable, considering that he is always grubbing among bulbs and things."

"Mother, he will never look at me! I would rather not meet him."

Mrs. Dashwood swept her child with a glance which appeared soft, but was terribly keen.

"You must meet him—but you needn't be here when he comes."

"Thank you; I couldn't bear not to see him at all." Then, after a pregnant silence: "Mother, what shall I wear?"

Mrs. Dashwood laughed.

"The great question since Eve."

"Ah, there were no Roger Wentworths in Eden," said the girl. Her face had settled into an expression of rapt expectation.

"What a Schwärmerei you have for that man!" laughed her mother. "There is no English word for it."

"Haven't you, too, mother?"

"I am a middle-aged widow, my dear. These illusions are all behind me."

Millicent leaned over and kissed the pretty self-centered creature.

"I shall be so proud of you, dear," the child murmured.

"What went ye out for to see?" Wentworth mused smilingly as he walked to Lennox Gardens on that spring afternoon. Probably a little girl with a pigtail—or a braid tied up in a loop behind, a compromise much in vogue among what the Germans call "*Backfische*"—feminine hobble-dehoys.

Had this girl really understood "Potentialities," with its tragic suggestion, its deep, sad knowledge of life, acquired by the author before he began planting daffodils? If so, she must be of a rare intelligence. Probably, then, rather plain; no instep, and a bit pasty of complexion. If Wentworth had a daughter, he would desire her to be arched of foot, and rosy as the edge of an apple-blossom.

At all events, pretty or plain, the girl who could write such a charming letter should at least have the opportunity of clasping him by the hand. To him the mother was a negligible quantity. Yet she was waiting, a very real entity, to receive him in the fragrant drawing-room. That sort of woman did more than chill Wentworth. She belonged to a type to which he had said a resolute good-by many years ago.

He took her hand with sufficient civility—then, not attempting to sit down, he looked all about him.

"Where's the child?" he asked.

In all his years of unconventionality, he had never inflicted a neater wound. Mrs. Dashwood positively winced.

"She is coming," she said. "But remember your promise."

In an instant Wentworth smiled—his serious lips parting almost unwillingly.

"Promises are a bore, aren't they?" he

said, seating himself easily, near his hostess.

Mrs. Dashwood was curiously silent. For the first time in her life she was unable to carry on a conversation. In a few moments Millicent must arrive; she could not be kept much longer in the background. All of the woman's fascinating graces fell from her. She felt stripped and bare.

Wentworth had the bad habit of playing with whatever small object was within reach. If he had been in the least self-conscious, people would have said that he did this to exhibit his beautiful hands. Just now he mechanically picked up a little note-book from the table at his elbow. Before he knew what he was doing, he read: "Things I want to ask Roger Wentworth." He experienced a scorching sensation of having been dishonorable, and read no more.

Mrs. Dashwood had found her tongue. He could quite understand how many men found her attractive. She offered him tea with a subtle suggestion of tendering something far more important. She had a way of making the steam of the silver kettle appear like incense. He began to think that he should like to write about her.

He ate half a scone, and at that moment he became conscious of some one standing near him.

The little girl! But this—this creature whom he arose to greet!

Where was the pigtail? There were masses of bronze hair instead, worn in a loose coil at the back of the whitest throat he had ever seen.

Pasty! Why, his own apple-blossoms would seem coarse now, he thought, with pardonable hyperbole.

The Greuze maiden was dumb. The hand which he clasped was icy-cold. Millicent's embarrassment smote him to the heart. He averted his eyes so that she might have a chance to stop blushing.

A great distrust of the mother had fallen upon him. So this was the "little girl"? Young she certainly was, but a woman. He understood now how she had appreciated his book. With those eyes—!

"Sit down, precious," said Mrs. Dashwood. "Here is your tea. This is a great occasion, Mr. Wentworth, to this dear child. She could not realize that she was to see you—the real you—after having



Drawn by William James Hurlbut.

"VERY YOUNG, HE THOUGHT, BUT WISE BEYOND HER YEARS."

devoured all your books over and over."

Wentworth looked once more at Millicent.

"I must write you a new one," he said, in a voice which he reserved for children and animals.

"Let it be more about Valeria. I want to know more of her," said Millicent.

"You think she was not finished when she married?" he asked.

"Oh, no, surely not! Only begun."

"I believe Millicent is trying to form herself on Valeria," said Mrs. Dashwood.

There was a tinge of sharpness in her tone which failed to penetrate the consciousness of Wentworth and Millicent.

They were looking into each other's eyes and exchanging rapid questions and answers. The flood-gates were loosed, and the girl was speaking eagerly. Mrs. Dashwood was virtually alone. The dreaded moment was come—she was put aside by her daughter. She was glad that at that instant the maid entered with a note requiring an answer. She excused herself and went into the morning-room.

Wentworth opened the door for her, and returned to stand beside Millicent. He was almost terrifyingly tall and straight. She looked up at his face, which had suddenly put off the lines of ten years.

"Miss Dashwood," he said rapidly, like one who is afraid of being interrupted, "I have two confessions to make."

"To me?"

"Yes, to you—while we are alone. I thought you wore a pigtail!"

He actually laughed; Millicent joined him.

"A pigtail? But why?"

"I thought you were a little girl."

"I am nearly nineteen."

"I'm so glad!"

He could not have told why he said this. It leaped to his lips and escaped before he even felt it coming.

"And the other?" asked Millicent.

Wentworth sat down. He was tiring her neck.

"I have read something not meant for me."

He picked up the note-book.

Millicent blushed crimson.

"Oh!" she said, in real distress.

"Please don't let it pain you!" He laid

his hand for the fraction of a second on her arm. "I read it unconsciously. And Roger Wentworth wants to know the 'things' you want to ask him."

"Some time! Not now. . . . If we ever meet again—shall we?"

"I think so—I think so." He was quite serious.

Mrs. Dashwood entered, and with a glide and a rustle regained her seat.

"I am making an engagement with Miss Dashwood to put her through a catechism!" said Wentworth. "I hope we have your sanction? You see, I want to discover if she really reads me."

Mrs. Dashwood looked at Wentworth in bewilderment. Surely this was not the man she had left five minutes ago?

When he rose presently to take his leave, he said, "You will let me come again—soon?"

When the door closed upon him, there was intense silence. Millicent sat like a stone.

Her mother regarded her with hard eyes. "Remember he is old enough to be your father!" she said crudely.

Millicent made no reply. What had age to do with an immortal?

## V.

There was some satisfaction in being seen in public with Wentworth. But the pleasure was not unalloyed. For instance, when he invited the Dashwoods to go to the play he remained in the back of the box behind Millicent's seat while Willie Rivington endeavored to be entertaining beside mama. It was impossible to drag the recluse of the rose-garden into publicity. That fine face, so stern in outline, so gentle in expression, which would have enhanced the interest of a first-night performance, remained resolutely in the background.

"One might think he was deformed—or pockmarked," observed Mrs. Dashwood to her daughter. "He is always hiding."

Millicent made no answer. He was not hiding from her. On the contrary, all the questions noted in the little blank book had been answered without reserve. The girl moved in an atmosphere of enchantment. All the needs of her soul were being supplied. Life with her mother had not been spiritually enlarging. Her fine, delicate thoughts had hidden themselves like



modest violets; the fragrance of them clung to her personality, but none could tell whence it came. Wentworth had perceived the flowers; it was with no rude hand that he brushed aside a shielding moss and plucked them for himself. He was not a man to be snared by the blush on a cheek, by the turn of a white throat. He had left the slavery of the senses far behind. What he loved in Millicent was the candid soul, which he was the first to explore. If its physical manifestations were beautiful, so much the better.

The author had satisfactorily arranged the affairs which had brought him up to town. Still he lingered. The flowers were thick in his orchard. He sent Millicent boughs of apple-blossom.

"They are lovely," said the young girl, "but in enjoying them, you are losing the fruit."

"Ah," said he, "we are at least sure of the blossom! Who can predict anything about the fruit?"

Promise and fulfilment. What a gulf between!

It was on that day that he seriously interrogated his heart. The fruit of all this—what was it to be?

The remembrance of Millicent's face came upon him with something of a reproof. He, of all men, to let himself drift! And yet, why not? He was not much over forty; fame had found him while he was yet young. His was not a middle-age of disillusioned semi-decrepitude; rather the garnered store of beautiful and fine emotions, unsquandered in youth.

Love he had known in its highest manifestation. Death had robbed him of fruition, but the climate of the heart knows a second spring and its flowers are perhaps nearer perfection than those of the first.

Stirred to the depths by his new decision, he went to Lennox Gardens.

He found Mrs. Dashwood alone. Without preamble he said: "You have been very kind to me. I must go no further without making a confession—I want to marry your daughter."

He spoke with some firmness, for he could not but know that, aside from his forty years, as a potential son-in-law he was at least unobjectionable.

Mrs. Dashwood's face did not change.

"You are delightfully unexpected," she said, sweetly.

"Really? Haven't you seen——?"

"I have seen that you were very kind to Milly—that she reveres you as though you were an archangel; but marriage—that's another thing."

"The only thing for me—if I can make her care for me."

He rose and walked to the fireplace, and, with one arm thrown along the mantelpiece, looked down at Mrs. Dashwood.

"She is very young," observed the mother.

"Yes, more than twenty years younger than I am. That's an objection, I know."

"You might adopt her!"

At that, his heart rose up against this woman and her acid sweetness—her carefully planned coquetry—the mask of mother-love which kept the world from seeing the real face underneath. He was startled by the tide of passion that surged through him.

"I love her!" he said, and his face was transfigured.

The sincerity of his emotion struck the pretty doll like an electric shock. She got up and stood beside him.

"Will that child satisfy you?" she said, with something hard and keen and elderly coming into her face.

He bent his deep-set, steel-blue eyes upon her.

"If I fail to make her happy," he said, "may God forget me in the hour of death."

Without one word she turned and left him. While he stood not knowing what to do, Millicent entered.

She was quite white. She came to him without a word and put her hands in his.

He stood thus, with her at arm's-length. "I have written many love-stories," he said, "and I don't know what to say."

He was shy; it was she whose gaze never faltered. No man could have looked on that face without believing in heaven.

"Say nothing," she said, softly.

Because he could no longer bear her eyes, he hid them upon his breast.

"How long have you loved me?" she asked, when their rapture was half an hour old.

"Since your little letter came to me," he answered.

Millicent looked perplexed.

"I never wrote you in my life," she said.

Wentworth drew from his pocket the sheet of mauve paper. It still smelled of violets. Millicent took it, read it, and hid her face in her hands.

"What is it?" asked Wentworth. "My love, you are crying."

She would not answer, and while she wept her mother came in. She saw the letter.

"You have broken your promise!" she cried, pale and deeply moved.

"Surely now," said Wentworth, "I

thought that I was absolved from it."

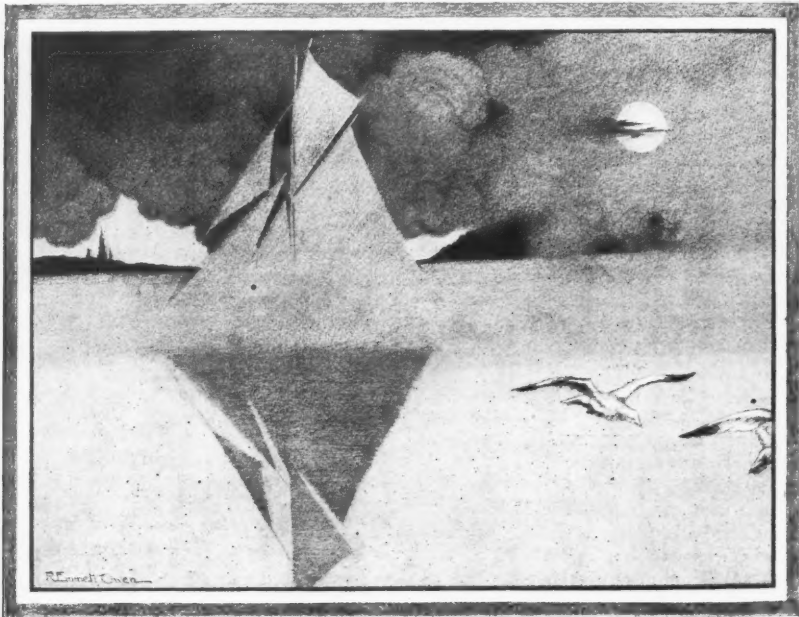
Milly sprang up.

"Oh, mother, mother, how could you!" she exclaimed. "You let him think that I wrote that! You used me as a decoy to draw him here. Oh, you *knew* that I wouldn't do it! I know you at last!"

The love of eighteen years lay dead in the girl's face. "Oh," she said, with the wail of a deserted child, "I have lost my mother!"

Wentworth gathered her with his arms.

"But I have found you," he said.



## WHEN THE SEA CALLS.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

MEMORY links thy name with change and death;

Strange warnings shape themselves upon thy foam:

Yet gladly back to thy wide arms I flee—

I who have heard thee calling: "Home! Come home!"

Vain, vain the hills, vain every flowered lea

To him whose youth was cradled on the sea!

## HERBERT GEORGE WELLS AND HIS WORK.

By E. A. BENNETT.

*"The aim and the test and the justification of the scientific process is prophecy."*

THE prophet whose "Anticipations" have so profoundly impressed thoughtful people that no less serious a person than Mr. William Archer has proposed in a London newspaper that he should be endowed with an annual income on condition of continuing to prophesy, has hitherto somewhat suffered, in the public estimate, under the disadvantage of being wrongly labeled. It is a fact that his work is at least as diverse as that of any living prose-writer. In the seven years since he ascended into the literary firmament he has given forth "scientific romances" such as "The Time Machine," "The Invisible Man," "The Island of Doctor Moreau," "The War of the Worlds," "When the Sleeper Wakes," and "The First

Men in the Moon;" satiric fantasias, such as "The Wonderful Visit" and "The Sea-Lady;" a naturalistic romance, in "The Wheels of Chance;" a realistic novel of modern life, in "Love and Mr. Lewisham;" a couple of volumes of sketches and essays; about half a hundred "strange stories," in all veins, from that

of Poe to that of Guy de Maupassant; and finally the aforesaid "Anticipations," which are as a lamp to the feet of the twentieth century. Nevertheless, and despite all this, if you mention the name of H. G. Wells to the man in the street, he is fairly sure to exclaim, "Oh, yes, the disciple of Jules Verne." Even critics who think

to render the acme of praise call him "the English Jules Verne." And critics who wish to patronize refer to his "pseudo-scientific romances."

Now, I may usefully begin to define Mr. Wells by showing what he is not. He is not the English Jules Verne; he does not belong to the vast Jules Verne school; and his scientific romances are not pseudo-scientific. It conveniently happens that both Jules Verne and



HERBERT GEORGE WELLS'S MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

Mr. Wells have traveled to the moon, and therefore I will come down to particulars by contrasting the famous "From the Earth to the Moon" and its sequel "Around the Moon," with Mr. Wells's "First Men in the Moon." Jules Verne, by the way, did not invent the moon as a place of celestial resort; Jean Baudoin,

Cyrano de Bergerac, Fontenelle and Edgar Allan Poe had been there before him. In Jules Verne's lunar romance, the note of farcical humor is struck at the commencement and it sounds with increasing mirth to the very end. His city of Baltimore is a farcical city; his Yankees, Impey Barbicane and J. T. Maston, are uproarious puppets of the vaudeville stage; even his Frenchman, Michel Ardan, is a "type" of the broadest. His Gun Club is magnificently farcical. You will remember how, at the notorious mass-meeting of thousands of savants at 21 Union Square, the president's chair, "supported by a carved gun-carriage, was modeled upon the ponderous proportions of a thirty-two-inch mortar. It was pointed at an angle of ninety degrees, and suspended upon trunnions, so that the president could balance himself upon it as upon a rocking-chair, a very agreeable fact in the hot weather;" and how the inkstand was made out of a gun, and order was kept by means of a bell that gave a "report equal to that of a revolver;" and how at the conclusion of his speech the orator, overcome with "emotion, sat down and applied himself to a huge plate of sandwiches." Jules Verne troubles but little about science. He talks with naïve and large satisfaction about "the immutable laws of mechanics," but the immutable laws of mechanics are only dragged into the story here and there to give it a fictitious sanction. We find, for instance, the secretary "rapidly tracing a few algebraical formulæ upon paper, among which  $n^2$  and  $x^2$  frequently appeared." The immutable laws of mechanics are no longer immutable when the projectile, full of air, is opened to emit the dead dog into spatial vacuum and practically no air escapes; nor are they absolutely changeless when the rockets are fired to give impetus by their recoil; nor when a thermometer is hung out on a string to measure an interstellar frostiness of 140° Centigrade below zero. Moreover, Jules Verne's airy argonauts do not achieve the moon; had they done so, they could never have returned to tell the tale. They circle round what the author in a Hugoesque mood calls the Queen of Night; and that detail alone serves to illustrate Jules Verne's propensity to shirk serious scientific problems. In saying this,

my aim is, not to depreciate Jules Verne, but simply to differentiate him from Mr. Wells. "From the Earth to the Moon" and "Around the Moon" are delightful and indeed unique books. They exhibit an extraordinary gift of narrative; a free and fantastic grace of style, and a rich, broad humor which no imitator has ever approached. They are entirely delicious. But they live by their humor and verve and not at all by their illusion of reality or their dexterous handling of the immutable laws of mechanics. They never convince—nothing in them convinces, from the casting of the gun hundreds of feet long, to the returning projectile's final splash which breaks the bowsprit of the "Susquehanna." They do not convince; they divert. When we look back upon the books, it is episodes such as Barbicane's acceptance of the wager, or the wrecking of the Baltimore theater where a foolish manager had put on "Much Ado about Nothing," that we recollect, not the scientific descriptions of the moon.

The great difference between Jules Verne and Mr. Wells is that the latter was trained in scientific methods of thought, while the former was not. Before Jules Verne took to romances, he wrote operatic libretti. Before Mr. Wells took to romances, he was a pupil of Huxley's at the Royal College of Science; he graduated at London University with first-class honors in science; and his first literary production, if I mistake not, was a text-book of biology. Those who prefix "pseudo" to the scientific part of Mr. Wells's novels are not the men of science. On the contrary, one may pleasantly observe the experts of "Nature," a scientific organ of unrivaled authority, discussing the gravitational phenomena of "The First Men in the Moon," with the aid of diagrams, and admitting that Mr. Wells has the law on his side. The qualities of "The First Men in the Moon" are fourfold. There is first the mere human psychology. We begin with two human beings, Mr. Cavor the inventor, and Mr. Bedford the narrator. They are real persons, realistically described, and whether Mr. Cavor stands abashed before the Grand Lunar, or Mr. Bedford floats alone in infinite space, neither of them once loses his individuality or ceases to act or think in a

perfectly credible and convincing way. Secondly, there is the scientific machinery of the narrative, always brilliantly invented, lucidly set forth, and certainly not yet impugned by science. Thirdly, there is the graphic, picturesque side of the affair, as examples of which I may refer to the splendid sunrise on the moon, the terrible lunar night, and that really wonderful instance of close creative thought, the exposition of the air-currents through the caverns of the moon. Fourthly, and to my

mind most important, there is what I must call, for lack of a better term, the philosophic quality, that quality which is fundamental in all Mr. Wells's work, and which here is principally active in the invention of the natural history and the social organization of the moon. "Naturally," says Bedford—and we should mark that "naturally," for it discloses the true bent of Mr. Wells's mind—"naturally, as living beings our interest centers far more upon the strange community of lunar insects in which Cavor was living than upon the mere physical condition of their world."

It is impossible not to perceive in Mr. Wells's powerful and sinister projection of the lunar world a deeply satiric comment upon this our earthly epoch of specialization. Among the Selenites, it will be remembered, a race distantly resembling mankind, specialization was carried to the final degree. "Every citizen knows his place. He is born to that place, and the elaborate discipline of training and education and surgery he undergoes fits him at last so completely to it that he has neither ideas nor organs for any purpose beyond it." Some Selenites were all brain, others all limbs. Some could do nothing but remember (living histories and encyclopedias); others could only carry; others could only analogize; still others could only draw. Thus Phi-oo's broken-English description of the artist: "Eat little—drink little—draw. Love draw. No other thing. Hate all who not draw like him. Angry. Hate all who draw like him bet-



MR. WELLS IN HIS STUDY.

ter. Hate most people. Hate all who not think all world for to draw. Angry. M'm. All things mean nothing to him—only draw. He like you. . . . if you understand . . . New thing to draw. Ugly—striking. Eh?" And this more awesome and pathetic passage from Cavor's Marconi message to earth: "I came upon a number of young Selenites confined in jars from which only the fore-limbs protruded, who were being compressed to become machine-minders of a special sort. The extended 'hand' in this highly developed system of technical education is stimulated by irritants and nourished by injection, while the rest of the body is starved. . . . It is quite unreasonable, I know, but such glimpses of the educational methods of these beings affected me disagreeably. I hope, however, that may pass off, and I may be able to see more of this aspect of their wonderful social order. That wretched-looking hand-tentacle sticking out of its jar seemed to have a sort of limp appeal for lost possibilities: it haunts me still, although, of course, it is really in the end a far more humane proceeding than our earthly method of leaving children to grow into human beings and then making machines of them."

Here, in the guise of romance, is a serious criticism of life, and this sober philosophic spirit decked in the picturesque colors of fantasy pervades all the latter part of the book, growing more and more impressive until it reaches its culmination in the sublime apparition of the Grand

Lunar, that calm and supreme pure Intelligence who was so disturbed by Cavor's account of our incredibly ridiculous Earth that he killed the traveler, in order to prevent any organized invasion of the moon from this terrene ball of lust, bloodshed and the Absurd.

Having dissipated, I hope, the Jules Verne theory of Mr. Wells's ancestry, and incidentally examined his latest and best "scientific romance," I may proceed to a more general consideration of his work. In the year 1895, besides "The Time Machine," which made his reputation, Mr. Wells, as if to indicate at once the various lines on which he would develop, published a volume of sketches, a volume of short stories, and that extraordinary fantastic irony, "The Wonderful Visit," which many people regard as the most perfect and delightful thing he has yet accomplished. Touching the last first, it may be said that "The Wonderful Visit," together with its successor in the same kind, "The Sea-Lady," stands a little apart from the main body of the author's productions. But in the record of the sojourn of the angel in the convention-ridden village, and of the mermaid in the convention-ridden seaside resort, are apparent the moral and imaginative qualities which have enabled Mr. Wells to deal so effectively with themes conceived on a much grander scale. This moral and this imaginative quality are really two sides of one gift—the gift of seeing things afresh, as though no one had ever seen them before, a gift of being able to forget all labels, preconceptions and formulæ devised and invented by other people, of approaching the investigation of phenomena with senses absolutely virginal. It is the peculiar attribute of the artist; it should be, but often is not, the peculiar attribute of the moralist. Mr. Wells the artist and Mr. Wells the moralist (I scarcely know which is paramount) possess it in an abnormal degree. Once the angel arrives in the village, that village ceases to be a village and becomes a concatenation of inexplicable phenomena—inexplicable not only to the angel, but also to the good vicar who endeavors to explain them. To the angel's reiterated "Why? why? why?" there is no answer save the irrational, "Because it has always been so,"

"Because people have agreed that it shall be so," "Because it would never do to alter it." After the angel has perambulated the village, and especially after he has played the violin at Lady Hammergallow's party the reader is overcome with a disconcerting and blinding vision of things as they actually are, and he sees suddenly how much of beauty and joy and sweet reasonableness humanity loses by its habit of clinging to the past instead of reaching forward to the future. The most illuminating part of the book is the vicar's long and poignant reply to the angel's remark: "This life of yours—I'm still in the dark about it. How do you begin?" I will quote briefly from the end of it:—

"And the other people here—how and why is too long a story—have made me a kind of chorus to their lives. They bring their little pink babies to me and I have to say a name and some other things over each new pink baby. And when the children have grown to be youths and maidens, they come again and are confirmed. You will understand that better later. Then before they may join in couples and have little pink babies of their own, they must come again and hear me read out of a book. They would be outcast, and no other maiden would speak to the maiden who had a little pink baby without I had read over her for twenty minutes out of my book. It's a necessary thing, as you will see, odd as it may seem to you. And afterward when they are falling to pieces, I try and persuade them of a strange world in which I scarcely believe myself, where life is altogether different from what they have had—or desire. And in the end, I bury them, and read out of my book to those who will presently follow into the unknown land. I stand at the beginning, and at the zenith, and at the setting of their lives. And on every seventh day, I who am a man myself, I who see no further than they do, talk to them of the life to come—the life of which we know nothing, if such a life there be. And slowly I drop to pieces amidst my prophesying."

"What a strange life!" said the angel.

"Yes," said the vicar, "what a strange life! But the thing that makes it strange to me is new. I had taken it as a matter of course until you came into my life."



*I had taken it as a matter of course!* That is precisely the attitude of which Mr. Wells's attitude is the antipodes. With him, nothing is of course, and every one who converses with him at any length finds this out first. Under all the wit, the humor, the pathos, the wayward beauty of "The Wonderful Visit" may be perceived this firm and continuous intention—to criticize the social fabric, to demand of each part of it the reason for its existence, and in default of a reply, to laugh it out of existence.

"The Wheels of Chance" is a quasi-satiric romance from which the supernatural element is excluded. Its hero, Mr. Hoop-driver, the draper's assistant who issued forth on a bicycle tour, fell in with a maid, stole a bicycle, and duly returned to his counter, is the best-loved of all Mr. Wells's creations. But I can merely mention the book here as the precursor of the realistic novel, "Love and Mr. Lewisham," the only novel, in the usual meaning of the term, which Mr. Wells has yet written, but which is surely to be followed by others. In it we have the history of a student of science with lofty ideals who got into the toils of that blind force of nature which we call love, and was, in a worldly sense, thereby utterly ruined. The sayings of Mr. Chaffery, that audacious and unmoral spirit who saw things as



MR. WELLS, AGED THIRTEEN.



MR. WELLS IN HIS GARDEN.

they are and gained a livelihood by deceiving the fools who wanted to be deceived, are the memorable utterances in the book. Here, for example, is Mr. Chaffery's recipe for a happy life: "In youth, exer-

cise and learning; in adolescence, ambition, and in early manhood, love—no footlight passion. Then marriage, young and decent, and then children and stout honest work for themselves and for the State in which they live; a life of self-devotion, indeed, and for sunset a decent pride—that is the happy life. . . . the life Natural Selection has been shaping for man since life began. So a man may go happy from the cradle to the grave—at least passably happy. And to do this needs just three things—a sound body, a sound intelligence, and a sound will. . . . A sound will. No other happiness endures. And when all men are wise, all men will seek that life. Fame! Wealth! Art! The Red Indians worship lunatics, and we are still by way of respecting the milder sorts. But I say that all men who do not lead that happy life are knaves and fools." So that only in the worldly sense was Lewisham ruined. At the end of the book, as he stands staring through the window, thinking of his career perforce abandoned, and of the prospect of immediate fatherhood ("the most important career in the world"), his feelings are symbolized for us in an image of really exquisite beauty—"The dwindling light gathered itself together and became a star."

Here, therefore, even in the realistic novel of modern matter-of-fact, we are not allowed to get away from the scientific principles that man is a part of nature, that he is a creature of imperious natural forces, that he is only one link in the chain of eternal evolution.

In the "scientific romances," to which we may now at last come, the principle of evolution and a conception of "man's place in nature" are Mr. Wells's great basic facts.

In his lecture on "The Discovery of the Future," delivered at the Royal Institution on January 24th last, Mr. Wells contrasted two divergent types of mind, distinguishable "chiefly by their attitude toward time and more particularly by the relative importance they attach, and the relative amount of importance they give, to the future of things." The first type of mind, he continued, interprets the things of the present, and gives value to this and denies it to that, entirely with relation to the past. The second type is constructive in habit; it interprets the things of the present, and gives value to this or that, entirely in relation to things designed or foreseen. "While from that former point of view our life is simply to reap the consequences of the past, from this our life is to prepare the future." And he said further: "The former type one might speak of as the legal or submissive type of mind, because the business, the practise and the training of a lawyer dispose him toward it; he of all men must most constantly refer to the law made, the right established, the precedent set, and most consistently ignore or condemn the thing that is only seeking to establish itself. The latter type of mind I might for contrast call the legislative, organizing or masterful type, because it is perpetually attacking and altering the established order of things, perpetually falling away from respect for what the past has given us. *It sees the world as one great workshop and the present is no more than material for the future, for the thing that is destined yet to be.* It is in the active mood of thought, while the former is in the passive; it is the mind of youth, it is the mind more manifest among the Western nations; while the former is the mind of age—the mind of the Oriental. Things have been, says the legal mind, and so we are here. *And the creative mind says, we are here because things have yet to be.*"

The sentences which I have italicized contain the key to Mr. Wells's philosophy of life. He has no use for precedents and conventions. The past may survive only so

long as it can pass the tests of reason. The present must look, never backward at death, but always forward toward life. Among all Mr. Wells's tales I remember but one, "A Story of the Stone Age," which deals with the past. It is the future, it is evolution, it is innovation, which he preaches and will always preach.

He said in that same lecture: "The essential thing in the scientific process is not the collection of facts, but the analysis of facts; facts are the raw material and not the substance of science; the aim and the test and the justification of the scientific process is not a marketable conjuring-trick, but prophecy. Until a scientific theory yields confident forecasts it is unsound and tentative; it is mere theorizing." So science is, ultimately, prophecy—something to help us to shape our ends. And Mr. Wells is a man of science in order, first and foremost, that he may be a prophet and map out the path so that humanity shall avoid détours. And prophecy is really what he has always been at when he has touched science. He may juggle with our ideas of time and space, as in "The Time Machine," "The Plattner Story," "The Crystal Egg," and "The Accelerator;" he may startle or shock us by the artistic presentation of a scientific "conjuring-trick," as in "The Invisible Man" and "The Island of Doctor Moreau;" he may awe us by sheer force of an original imaginative conception, as in "The Star," "Under the Knife," and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." But his real, preferred business has been to prophesy, to peer into the future. In "The Time Machine," the Time-Traveler goes forward, not into "the dark backward and abysm." Mr. Wells's fancy was youthful in those days, and the Time-Traveler journeyed through a million years or so; he saw a grim and terrible vision of the evolution of the "submerged tenth" and the "upper classes," a world murderously divided against itself, a world in which it seemed that the aspirations and sacrifices and sufferings of mankind had come to nothing at all, had ended in utter moral disaster. He went further and witnessed the more fatigued revolution of a planet occupied by monsters round a sun dying of radiation. He watched what was the apparent final stultification

of a Supreme Purpose. Then he came back and with a sublime and justifiable audacity remarked to his friends: "No. I cannot expect you to believe it. Take it as a lie—or a prophecy. Say I dreamed it in the workshop. Consider I have been speculating upon the destinies of our race, until I have hatched this fiction. Treat my assertion of its truth as a mere stroke of art to enhance its interest. And taking it as a story, what do you think of it?"

"The War of the Worlds" was not a prophecy, but it was in the nature of a prophecy, a speculative, warning criticism, so far as it described an organization of intelligent beings more advanced than our own. And the same is to be said of "The First Men in the Moon." In "When the Sleeper Wakes" and "A Story of the Days to Come," Mr. Wells returned to prophecy in fiction. But it was a much quieter, soberer, humbler, and an infinitely more useful prophecy than that of "The Time Machine." Instead of dealing with thousands and millions of years, he dealt with a century or so. And in "Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought," he has abandoned the garb of fiction, and he definitely stands forth naked and unashamed as a prophet of the real. My personal opinion is that he will work still more strenuously in this field, and that in the course of a few years, passing down toward the present through a series of futures less and less remote (he has already retreated from thirty millions years hence to a hundred hence), he may develop, still flying all his flags of imagination, fancy, humor, satire and irony, into an actual, prevalent political force. His strongest points are his clear vision and his intellectual honesty and courage; his weakest

point is his instinctive antipathy to any static condition.

And his forecast of the more immediate future, his creed? You may see it set out with surprisingly close texture of detail in "Anticipations;" and in a forthcoming series of essays, possibly more boldly creative in character than "Anticipations," the instant means to the Great End may be shadowed forth as they present themselves to his mind. Suffice it to say here that Mr. Wells firmly believes in universal peace and in the high destiny of nature, "The Time Machine" of seven years ago notwithstanding. "It is not difficult," he has said, "to collect reasons for sup-

posing that humanity will be definitely and consciously organizing itself as a great world-state—a great world-state that will purge itself from much that is mean, much that is bestial, and much that makes for individual dulness and dreariness, grayness and wretchedness in the world of to-day."

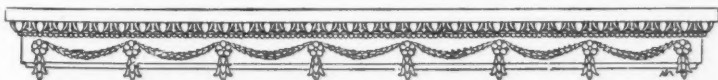
"And finally," he added, "there is the reasonable certainty that . . . this earth of ours, tideless and slow-moving, will be dead and frozen, and all that has lived

upon it will be frozen out and done with. There surely man must end. That of all such nightmares is the most insistently convincing. And yet one doesn't believe it. At least I do not. And I do not believe in these things because I have come to believe in certain other things—in the coherency and purpose in the world and in the greatness of human destiny. Worlds may freeze and suns may perish, but there stirs something within us now that can never die again."

And this by way of postscript: "The most persistently fascinating and the most insoluble question in the whole world is—what is to come *after* man?"



A PORTRAIT OF MR. WELLS.





## MEN WOMEN AND EVENTS

WAITING FOR A  
"CALL."

It was on the floor of the House of Representatives a number of years ago. An able member had made a speech of some few hours' duration in favor of an inter-ocean canal. As he sat down, another able member grunted once, snorted twice and struggled to his feet. "Mr. Speaker," he said in weary tones, "Mr. Speaker, there don't seem to be any call for this here canal as far as I can see." A young man wearing a naval uniform who had been sitting in the gallery got up and walked out.

It was some years later. A war with a country called Spain was on. An iron battle-ship weighing several hundred thousand tons, more or less, and burning several scores of wagonloads of coal a minute, more or less, was tearing down the western coast of the American continent at the rate of forty miles an hour—more or less. It was a boat called the "Oregon." In the neighborhood of ten degrees north latitude a man wearing a naval uniform went up on the bridge of the vessel. He looked a good deal like the other man referred to, only older. He was known as Captain Clark. Once on the bridge, he turned to his left and gazed away across a strip of land in a meditative manner for two or three minutes. "Yes," he said abstractedly, speaking to himself, "yes, that blue line over there is the Atlantic Ocean. That's where we've got to get. We'll go

around South America." Then he added, more cheerfully: "It's only a matter of a little over ten thousand miles. I guess the Spaniards will wait if they know we're coming. Besides, travel and change of scene is a good thing. Only maybe there *was* a call for that canal, after all." The ship tore away down the coast, with fifty men, more or less, shoveling coal into those ravenous furnaces.

I went into a little tobacco-shop the other day and asked for my favorite, that well-known brand, the "Philosopher's Solace." "We don't keep it," says the man. "How's that?" says I. "There ain't no call for it," quoth the man. I stepped across the street to another shop. The man tossed me out a bag of the "Solace" before I asked for it. "Just put it in," he explained. "Think I can work up a right smart sale for it." The first man has since shut up shop and gone to live with his wife's folks.

The way to have a call for a thing is to supply the thing.

There is no call among fishes for a hook with a worm on it, but they take to it when it is offered.

I often recall lovingly an incident which I witnessed some years ago in Colorado.



A pale young man one day alighted on the station platform with a large, thin package under his arm. "What might your name be?" said the Mayor of the town, approaching easily. "I am Doctor Smith. I'm going to locate here. Any vacant offices?" "Doc," returned the Mayor in a fatherly tone, "you might's well open a curling-iron store in Africa. There ain't been a case of sickness in this town for two year." "I'll risk the sickness," answered the young man, and he walked over town, hired an office, and taking the paper from his package, disclosed a sign, which he proceeded to nail over the door. Inside of a month he had a lucrative practise.

Then I recall the case of my friend Bagley, of Alcaaster, Illinois. "I'm going to build a trolley-road out across Long Prairie," he said. "Then you're a fool," they told him: "there ain't a house on



Long Prairie." Bagley built his road, and the people went out and put up houses. Last week a man wrote a letter to the local paper complaining that there aren't enough cars during the rush hours.

The supply creates the demand.

If you are in business and your judgment tells you that the people ought to be buying a certain thing, give them a chance to buy it. Don't wait for a "call." If Noah had waited for a "call" for the ark, he'd have found himself, when the barometer began to fall, in a very embarrassing position. If a man had come along in 1491 and asked to be shown something in new hemispheres, he'd have been told that there wasn't any call for such things. If you are running a suburban car line, and business isn't satisfactory, double the number of cars and hire a man to go around town and talk about the view and the fresh air out your way. If you have a remedy for a disease which nobody ever has, put it on the market in large type and folks will have the disease fast enough.

The "call" should always be anticipated. While you are waiting with an

ear-trumpet to hear a call, a deaf man will answer on a chance and get the business.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

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It is a good policy to leave a few things unsaid.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is a thankless parent!

An ounce of performance is worth a pound of preaching.

Gentleness and good cheer—these come before all questions of morals.

Graduation in school should occur at the vanishing point of the teacher.

One of the compensations in sin is that it saves a man from becoming a Pharisee.

Modern martyrdom is the sweet apotheosis of the things we do not care to avoid.

The true work of all governments is to do away with the necessity of any government.

You cannot legislate virtue into people. There is no man ever any better than he wants to be.

There are many deeply religious people outside the church, but those inside usually call them infidels.

The only way you can get into the Kingdom of Heaven is to carry the Kingdom of Heaven in your own heart.

The best recipe for having strong, excellent and noble children is to be a strong, excellent and noble parent.

To succeed get a-hold, and hang on—inertia is often as good as enterprise. In Nature it is the parasite that grows fat.

"Vengeance is mine and I will repay," saith the Lord, and others. The others think the Lord needs an instrument, and they volunteer to be it.

The Peace Congress can cease its labors, for the question of war is gradually solving

itself in this country: no man but a janitor will go to war in defence of a flat.

That parent only is doing his whole duty who is training the child to do without him; and herein Nature and necessity are usually wiser than fortune's favorites.

Men who are well traduced and hotly denounced are usually pretty good quality. No better encomium is needed than the dejection of some people. And men who are well hated also have friends who love them well—thus does the law of compensation ever live.

We grow through expression—if you know things there is a strong desire to express them. It is Nature's way of deepening our impressions—this thing of recounting them. And happy, indeed, are you, if there is a soul with whom you can converse at your best.

While there is a grave doubt whether there are any attorneys in heaven, it is a fact that there is one lawyer in the Calendar of Saints—St. Yves of Brittany. Lecky, the historian, tells how when the peasants celebrate the feast of St. Yves they sing: "Advocatus et non latro—Res miranda populo."

It is a great blessing to be born into a family where strict economy of time and money is necessary. The idea that nothing shall be wasted and that each child must carve out for himself a career is a thrice-blessed heritage. Rich parents are an awful handicap to youth: few indeed there be who have the strength to stand prosperity.

Men toil and sweat and struggle and chase the seasons 'round the globe. To escape the winter they go to Florida, and to get away from the summer, to the North Cape and Alaska. Money is the thing for which they tempt paresis, money that they may go to Saratoga and have peace, say they. Peace? There is no peace unless you sit down and wait for it to catch up!

All men recognize in their hearts that they must have the good will of some other men. To be separated from your kind is death and to have their good will is life—and this desire for sympathy, and this alone, shapes conduct. We are governed by public opinion, and until we regard mankind

as our friends and all men as brothers, so long will men combine in sects and cliques and keep the millenium of peace and goodwill a very dim and distant thing.

A transport of power, bursting from pent-up feelings, carries us along on its tide and compensates for a deal of what an Oxford man pointed out to me as "bad taste." Overculture produces a weak effeminacy; and were it not for those strong, vital, "rude" people that God sends into the world, spiritual life would perish as rose trees perish when the cunning gardener turns pollen to petal. The flower cannot reproduce itself—its reserve has been expended in this one production. Too much culture kills.

Nature showed great wisdom in sending the young in litters; when she cut down to one she lapsed. The other day I saw three lion cubs with their mother. The way those cubs wrestled with each other, lay in wait, charged, sprang, and tumbled, was wonderful. Hour after hour they kept up their "rough-house" play. They released enough energy on each other to turn a dynamo. Lucky for that lioness that she had three babies, and not simply one. If there had been but one it would have required all her time to amuse the youngster, and he would have worn her nerves to a frazzle. As it was the cubs amused each other and gave the fond mother time to meditate and think Great Thoughts.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

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It has long been a subject of speculation as to how soon the time would come when the Civil War and the events preceding it could be viewed by Americans with impartiality. The war itself was but the culmination of ten decades of what began as estrangement and ended as intense hostility between two sections that became at last almost two separate nations. When the struggle came, it came as a destroying fire, sweeping away for the time



all poise, all self-control, all sympathy in those who fought it out to the bitter end. The sacrifices that were made, the losses that were suffered, the anguish that followed the bloody trail of the contending armies, were made doubly dreadful by the fact that they were the heritage of civil strife—a strife that brings but little glory and breeds resentment in the place of resignation. Foreign observers said that not for a century at least could Americans, either of the North or of the South, endure even to speak with anything like composure of their gigantic war, and that not for still another century could they write its history with anything like fairness.

Of course they were wrong, for Americans are unique among the peoples of the earth. They do not live at all in the memories of the past. They do not even feel too much concern about the conditions of the present. They possess the one distinguishing quality which, while it endures, is the irrefutable evidence of vitality. And this characteristic is supreme, unshaken confidence in the future, toward which all faces are turned with hope and triumphant expectation. Hence, as a people and as individuals, Americans do not brood, they do not cherish malice, and they accept results. The past is past; the present is but a temporary condition. It is the future—splendid, radiant, and full of promise—that stirs their imagination and calls forth the highest exercise of all their powers. Because the future means so much to them they soon learn to look with calm, clear eyes upon all else beside, and to view things as they really are.

This trait is seen most plainly in the national attitude toward the Civil War, and especially toward the issues out of which the war proceeded. So far as the combatants were concerned, it was natural enough that little bitterness should linger among them. This is in accordance with the traditions of our race; for the Anglo-Saxon, whether victorious or vanquished, cherishes no malice toward an honorable foe. What was less to be expected was the frankness with which each section now acknowledges its own mistakes. There was a time, not many years ago, when if in the South one ventured to speak ill of slavery or if in the North one did not take

a roseate view of the negro problem, he was regarded almost as a public enemy. That time has now gone by.

The men of the New South are glad that slavery has vanished. How could they be otherwise than glad when they recall the poverty of the old days before the war, the narrowed interests, the isolated life, and contrast them with the prosperity and power that have come in with the new régime of economic freedom? And in the North men speak quite unconcernedly of the enfranchisement of the negro as a grievous social and political error. And how can they speak otherwise when they think of the hideous days of Reconstruction, of the rule of carpet-baggers, and of the stupid blunders which have made the South a unit against any policy that is proposed by the party associated with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments? As to the original theory of our government, whether it was meant by its founders to be an indissoluble union or whether it was viewed by them as a loosely joined confederation—that question is now spoken of, both North and South, as purely academic. Even the episode of President Roosevelt's now historic luncheon to Booker Washington stirred up only a momentary excitement. The Bloody Shirt was long ago sent to the wash.

These general remarks are suggested by a chapter in Professor Burgess's lately published book on "The Civil War and the Constitution." This chapter has to do with old John Brown—a name that has long been a name to conjure with. In the stirring years of 1860-1865, John Brown was ranked by many men almost as among the martyrs. He symbolized to them the whole anti-slavery movement and the spirit of freedom; and no one who heard it can ever forget that wonderfully rhythmic chant sung by our hosts all through the war to proclaim that his soul was marching on. Professor Burgess is a native

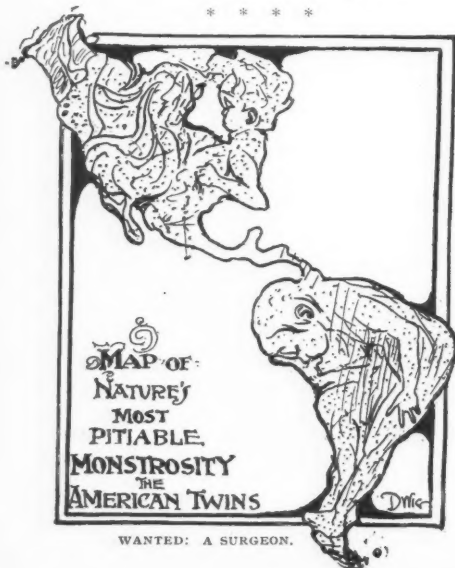


of one of the Border States—a Union man in a community where to be a Union man was once to be a mark for every kind of petty persecution. He is, moreover, a strenuous if philosophic upholder of extreme centralization in the theory of our government. Yet he speaks of Brown with a frankness that is no less startling than refreshing. Brown to him is a venal old fanatic, a murderer, an inciter of the most dreadful form of insurrection—a slave revolt with all its possibilities of nameless outrage. Professor Burgess strips him of every vestige of his spurious sanctity and leaves him in the dock of history as a vulgar criminal who was justly hanged. In fact, the opinion which the South expressed in 1860 is set forth in the North in 1902.

This view of Brown may or may not commend itself to the reader of the book just mentioned. But that it should be set forth in temperate language by an ultra-Union man who holds the chair of history in one of the greatest of our Northern universities, serves at any rate as an indication that, although less than forty years have passed since the cannons ceased to thunder on the battle-fields of Virginia, the time is even now at hand when the history of our greatest war can be written with impartial accuracy.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

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**DIAMONDS AND  
THE FAIR SEX.**

A man who ought to know, is quoted as saying that the diamonds owned by the women of the United States are valued at something over five hundred millions of dollars. Probably there is no greater hoax than the artificial inflation of values in diamonds nor a greater vulgarity than their profuse display. If all the diamonds mined were put into circulation, values would probably drop to about twenty-five cents on the dollar, so large is the reserve which the mine-owners are annually compelled to store away to prevent the sham from becoming known.

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**THE MIRACLE.**

An old man, bent and gray,  
Threw down his staff and sat  
Beside the road one day.  
And gazed off sadly at  
The fields that stretched away.  
And said: "My dreams are fled,  
My hopes, alas, are dead;  
Life holds no more that I  
May win or wish to win;  
I'm old, too old, to try,  
Too weary to begin."

A woman with sweet guile  
Went dancing down the way,  
And paused a little while  
And kissed a little spray  
Of blossoms, with a smile,  
And flung them at the man,  
And caught her skirts and ran  
Before him with a laugh;  
And laughing he pursued,  
Unaided by his staff,  
With all his hopes renewed.

S. E. KISER.

# Thoughts in a Medieval Castle

(Beaucaire August)

In the thrilling Middle Ages, when the poets earned their wages

By their spirited descriptions of the fights in various lands,  
With an ardent love of slaughter went no love of soap and water—

And the heroes of those conflicts very rarely washed their hands.  
Even when hot from a tourney, or a knightly errand journey,

Where they'd won undying honours with their lances and their brands,  
(Though their obvious perspirement indicated such requirement)

Seldom did the notion strike them that they'd better wash their hands.

Likewise, too, the ladies tender, jimp of waist and trimly slender,

With their tresses tailwise hanging in the most luxuriant bands,  
(While their kisses were delicious) were a trifle too capricious—

If I may so gently phrase it—as to when they washed their hands.

To the chase they'd ride together, in this steaming summer weather  
Which no modern scheme of starching more than partially withstands;

But some dabs of scented waters made the toilet of those daughters

Of a period when custom found no fault with unwashed hands.

When on mandolin or lute or other instrument a suitor

Of the troubadour persuasion poured his soul out through the strands,

Though he delicately fingered, still about his fingers lingered

Much too obvious suggestion that he had not washed his hands.

And the dame at her tambouring, object of this troubadouring,

Languishing to test her lover by the most severe commands—  
Though her jeweled digits glistened, while she sighed and blushed  
and listened,

Never dreamed they'd glisten better if she'd only wash her hands.

Also, when to stately lady—in a rose-lined alley shady—

Knelt a noble with the offer of his heart and sword and lands,

While he vowed till death he'd serve her he'd observe (if an observer)

That she'd rarely—practically, never—washed her hands,

And the noble thus a-kneeling, all his frenzied love revealing,

With that fervour which no woman ever willingly withstands,

In his wild gesticulation could not but draw observation

To what lengths of time had vanished since he'd thought to wash  
his hands.

Gone is Medieval glory, though we cherish still the  
story

Of the deeds of knightly valour which the modern  
heart expands.

Would that with those gallant drubbings had gone  
also daily tubbings—

That those knights and dainty ladies had seen fit  
to wash their hands!

Truly, in their stately castles, domineering o'er their  
vassals,

Quite heroic are the figures which the Middle Age  
up-stands —

But their fame would be completer (as their persons  
would be neater)

Had we only the assurance that they *sometimes*  
washed their hands!

THOMAS A. JANVIER.



## The PATENT RIGHT of the FOURTH ESTATE



In his haste Solomon—or whatever Francis Bacon it was that wrote Solomon's works—said "All newspaper men are liars." In his leisure, being a wise man, he doubtless added, "And I'm glad of it."

The thoughtless who advocate "Truth for Truth's sake" as opposed to "Art for Art's sake" little realize how much color and vivacity are added to an otherwise sordid and matter-of-fact age, by those masterpieces of fiction, the newspapers. They are the true historical novels "founded on fact."

A more charming instance of the beautifying and vivifying touch of the reportorial fancy was never seen than in the accounts of the Martinique disaster. The correspondent—who is only a long-distance reporter—saw how much the nude truth could be enhanced by a discreet drapery of imagination.

In the presence of such a cosmic holocaust the ordinary poet or novelist would find his imagination distinctly outclassed, not to say paralyzed. But practice makes the technic of the journalist perfect.

After the first horror of the mere event had subsided—that is to say, after the headlines had gradually subsided from red ink

and six-inch letters to single column scare-heads—what was it that claimed the thought and filled the mouth of conversation? It was not the vastitude of the catastrophe; not the weight and destructiveness of the cannonade; not the

rivers of lava and the tornadoes of incandescent gas; not even the heaps of twisted human cinder scattered through the ruined homes and shops and churches.

It was none of these, but rather the strange irony of fate that left only one man alive of all the multitudes, and he a criminal; there was something tragico-farcical about this that stirred the least fantastic imagination. People forgot all the rest of the horror to discuss this one ultra-picturesque bit; this little point of yellow in the red and black inferno of the destruction. The editorial columns of the staidest journals were filled with solemn comment and the letter-columns rang with the acrid debates of "Veritas," "Constant Reader" and "P. B. Publico."

When the career of this black criminal had been gossiped, preached, editorialized and letter-written to death, the fact at last transpired that there was no such person. He was calmly and coolly created by a journalist with a capital J. In place of such a man being the only human being saved, there were scores of survivors.

The hasty critic blames the whole newspaper fraternity for this outrage on credulity. I thank them, one and all, and hold my credulity ready and thirsty for the next outrageous stimulant. How else is a credulity to grow and keep healthy?

The only two compensations the world has had for Mont Pelée, have been the mud it slung on those prying geologists and the proof it offered that no fact or deed can ever be so grandiose that the trained newspaper mind cannot go it one better. The art of kalsomining the lily and triple-plating refined gold is the patent-right of the Fourth Estate.

RUPERT HUGHES.



## Masculine Authors as Modistes

In most books of "Advice to Young Authors," one of the first and best advisory remarks is to "write only about what you know." It might be well for many of our men novelists to heed this caution, and be less minute in their descriptions of woman's dress.

As a rule, our realists are careful in this direction and deal only with unimpeachable generalities; as in Howells, we read of "an æsthetic dress of creamy white" or "she dressed simply in dark blue;" while "a brown silk of subdued splendor" is perhaps as near a detailed fashion note as that astute gentleman ever gets.

Frank R. Stockton was another conservative. His delightful young ladies are usually attired in "a robe of soft white flannel," "a blue-spotted calico," or a "fashionable driving costume, edged with fur," although once we find a beautiful heroine "arrayed in flowing folds of soft white cashmere, lace, and silk, a narrow velvet ribbon round her neck from which hung a sparkling jewel, and bands of gold about her round white wrists."

Kipling, with even greater canniness, contents himself with such comprehensive adjectives as "ball-room frocked" or "gray-ulstered and black-velvet-hatted." And these are the ways of the wise.

Others there be, however, who insist on describing the costumes of their heroines not wisely, but too well, and achieve thereby some startling mental pictures.

Mr. Nordau tells us of a lady who wore "a two-toned silk, dove's breast and pale lilac, with a rose-col-

ored vest and lace sleeves." Another of his women characters wears "a wrap of cherry-colored plush, trimmed with white fur and lined with steel-blue silk."

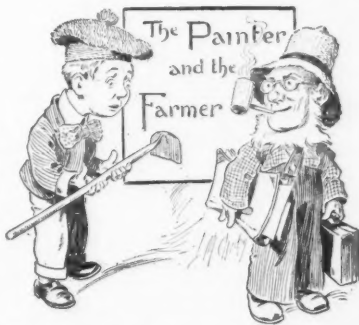
Mr. Maarten Maartens arrays a lady in "a simple evening frock of crushed strawberry crépon, with ripe strawberry-silk ribbons, and crimson lace on the front."

George Meredith, shifting the responsibility in part, says that "millinery would tell us that she wore a fichu of thin white muslin crossed in front over a dress of the same light stuff trimmed with deep rose. She carried a gray-silk parasol traced at the borders with green creepers."

One wonders whether the last word refers to vines or caterpillars.

CAROLYN WELLS.

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One day a painter well satisfied with himself, and with the usual city man's contempt for persons rural, went out into New Jersey to paint a picture.

He found a vantage point in the field, and setting up his easel, went to work.

Toward him ambled an unkempt countryman, hair disheveled, whiskers wind-blown, gait lumbering. The young artist thought he knew the genus and sighed inwardly.





Finally, "Got a match," says the countryman.

The artist impatiently handed him a match, but it failed to light and another was asked for.

The painter handed out the second match and twisted ominously.

The farmer evidently did not believe in signs, for he stood his ground, lit his pipe and began to puff exasperatingly. Suddenly he gave a sibilant indrawing of the breath as if he had a twinge of rheumatism.

This was too much for the irascible painter, who turned around and angrily said: "Say, will you *please* go away. You make me so nervous that I can't do a thing. Go and watch some one else."

Probably he'd soon be asking, "Is that a tree?" But the old fellow had nothing to say at first and merely took up his stand just behind the artist, looking over his shoulder at the growing picture.

The old fellow walked off so meekly that the painter was touched and called out, "Here, come back a minute."

The old chap came back.

"Say, I didn't mean to be cross, you know, but it makes me nervous to have a man stand behind me puffing smoke and making queer noises. Why *did* you make that hissing noise?"

"Why," said the old man, "you've got your middle distance where your foreground ought to be. This——"

"Do you paint?" asked the astonished artist.

"M-m-m—a little. Let's have your brush."

The artist mechanically handed his brush to the old man, who handled it with such immediate and astounding results, that the young man began to wonder if the evil one stood before him.

"Say, you're no farmer. What's your name?" said he.

"George—George Inness," drawled the old man, squinting at the picture with a quizzical air.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.





